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The Outlook

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By ALBERT SHAW

EDITOR OF THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS"

WITH THIRTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

In the January Magazine Number of The Outlook

Clara Barton and the Red Cross

By MYRTIS WILLMOT BARTON

With Eight Illustrations

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Alfred Austin, the New Poet Laureate

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In the January Magazine Number of The Outlook

Kate Carnegie

IAN MACLAREN'S NEW NOVEL. SECOND INSTALLMENT.

In the January Magazine Number of The Outlook

PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK

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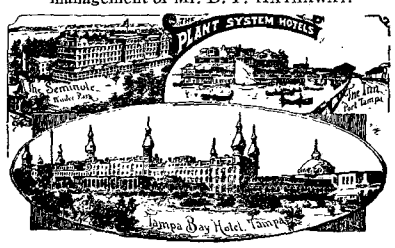

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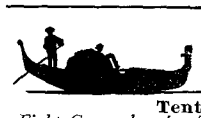

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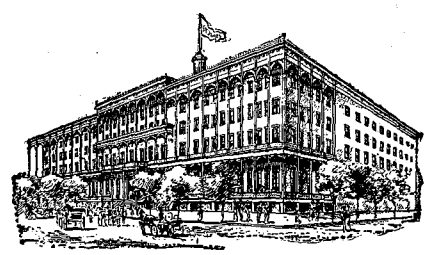

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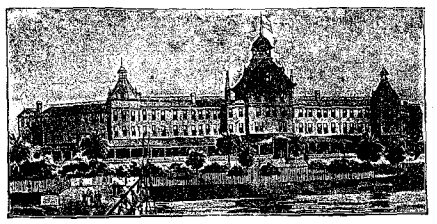

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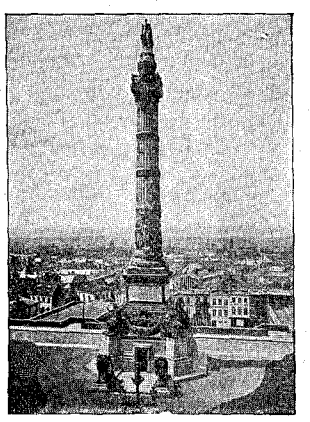

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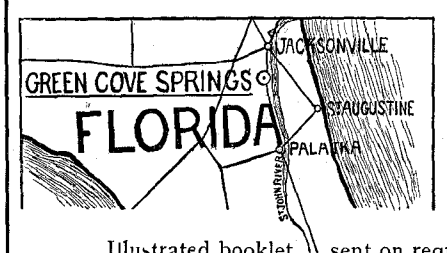

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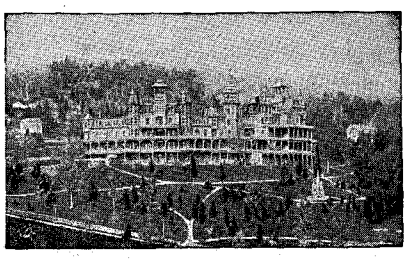

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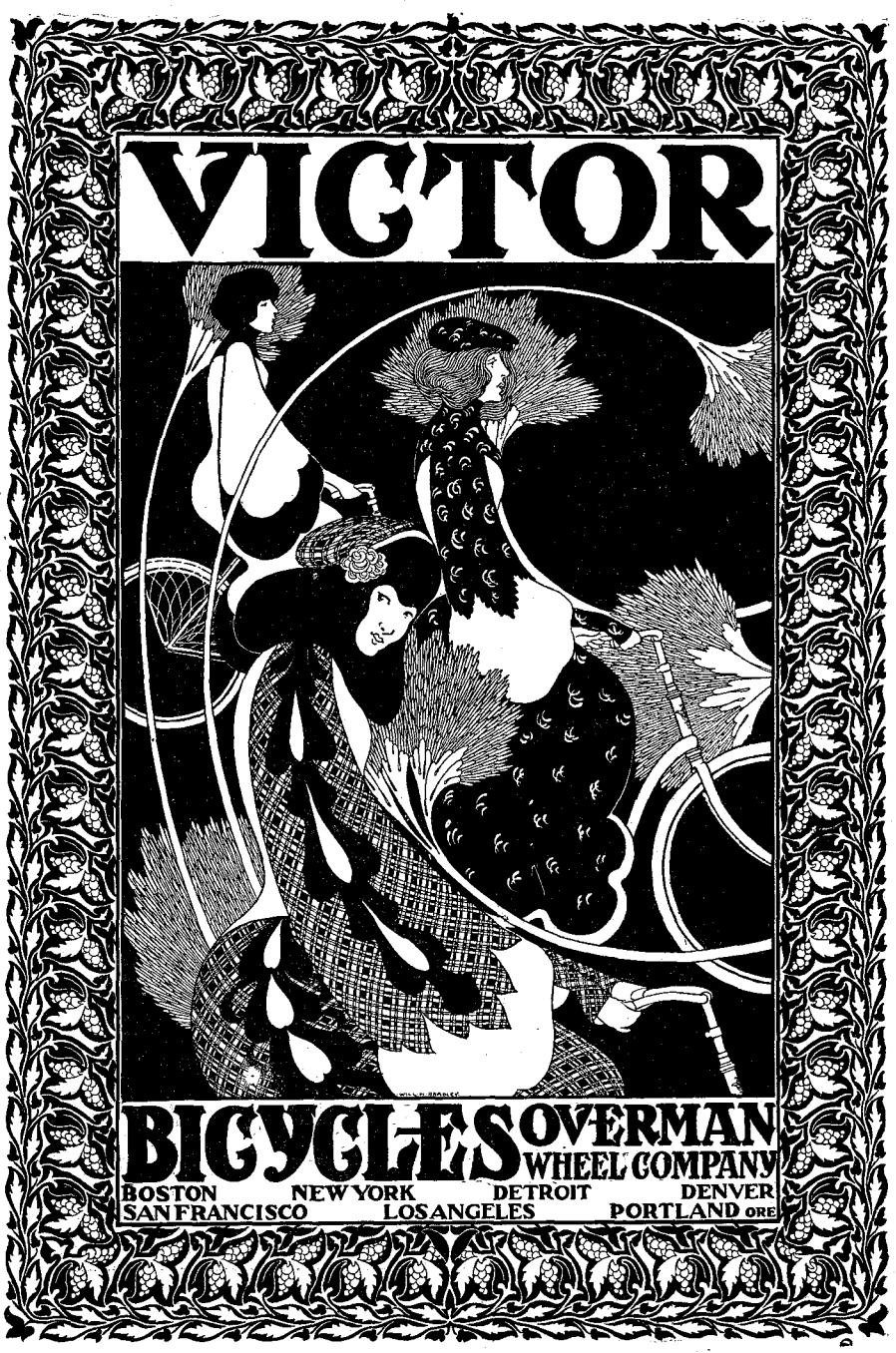

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 18 January, 1896 Number 3

THE strained relations between England and Germany have absorbed the attention of Europe during the past week. The feeling in England appears to be very intense because, from the English point of view, Germany has endeavored to take advantage of England's embarrassment in South Africa. The Germans, on the other hand, resent the denunciations of the Emperor's action which have appeared in the English newspapers. The feeling seems to be general in both countries, however, that the crisis will wear away by the usual processes of diplomacy. England has shown her usual readiness and vigor by promptly organizing a flying squadron of strong ships which may be sent at a moment's notice to any point and by collecting five cruisers at Delagoa Bay. The general impression prevails that for such a conflict as would ensue if hostilities broke out between the two countries England would be in much better condition than Germany. She could strike a tremendous blow with great suddenness, and she completely outweighs Germany on the high seas, where such a struggle would mainly be fought out. The English are not only irritated by this sudden display of German animosity, but they are suspicious of the attitude of other countries. They cannot understand the Emperor's policy unless it is part of a preconceived plan which has the co-operation of Russia and possibly of France. It is reported that the Czar has sent assurances to Germany that in her position in South Africa she has the support not only of that country, but of France and the United States. If this report is true, the Czar has not only been guilty of a piece of international impertinence, but, so far as this country is concerned, he has certainly counted without his host. The English remember that their endeavor to do something for Armenia was thwarted at the last moment by the interference of Germany. They recall various other unfriendly acts, and it is not unnatural that they should infer the existence of a European coalition. But, despite the fact that there is a great deal of jealousy of England abroad, and that just now England is, for various reasons, diplomatically isolated, a European coalition against her is highly improbable, owing to the differences of interests and antagonisms of feeling between the various countries. The action of the German Chancellor, Prince von Hohenlohe, in assuring the Governments at Vienna and Rome that neither the Triple Alliance nor the individual interests of Austria and Italy are involved in the action of the German Government, goes a long way towards disproving any concert of action. English and German interests in South Africa are in conflict; the Emperor is passionate and willful; he probably sent his dispatch to President Kruger on the spur of the moment and without fully weighing its significance. Neither of the countries wants war with the other, and, in spite of the intensity of popular feeling, there is very small probability of war.

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During the past week delegates from the Orange Free State in South Africa were sent to the Transvaal to confer with the Government there (the South African Republic) as to the steps to be taken in the event of the Orange Free State being asked to assist the Transvaal. Documents have been discovered, so it is said, showing that a widespread plot has for some time existed against the Transvaal. Accordingly, the President of the South African Republic has made arrests among the suspected Uitlanders (foreigners), the most prominent persons arrested being Colonel Rhodes, a brother of the ex-Premier of Cape Colony, and Messrs. Curtis, Hammond, Butters, King, and Mein, American mining engineers. It is claimed that there are now about five hundred citizens of the United States in the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, declares that his Government will extend the same protection in behalf of our citizens as in the case of British subjects. Though encouraging messages have passed between Queen Victoria and the Boer President, the latter is reported to refuse freedom to Dr. Jameson and the five or six hundred other prisoners except upon assurances from Great Britain of important concessions as to the relations of the countries and a full indemnity. If Great Britain refuses to satisfy the demands, the Transvaal Government may appeal to the Continental Powers—and we have seen that at least one of those Powers has not waited for any appeal. It is already rumored that, unless it can be conclusively proved that Mr. Rhodes was ignorant of Dr. Jameson's plans, the South Africa Company's charter will be canceled; indeed, some of the London papers are already urging the revocation of that charter. As to Delagoa Bay, five British cruisers have been ordered there, and Lord Salisbury has notified Portugal that the landing of any foreign troops at Lourenço Marques will be immediately followed by the occupation of the place by the British. A proclamation has now been issued by Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of Cape Colony, removing Dr. Jameson as Administrator of Mashonaland, and replacing him by Mr. F. J. Newton, at present Secretary of Bechuanaland. Mr. Rhodes had already resigned his Premiership, and has been succeeded by Sir Gordon Sprigg. In view of all the circumstances, Senator Morgan's resolution in our Senate offering the congratulations of the United States to the Transvaal Republic upon its success is as ignorant as it is meddlesome.

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The feeling that the questions at issue between this country and Great Britain ought to be settled amicably and without bitterness on either side grows steadily more influential in both countries. Blood is thicker than water, and, in spite of the natural antagonism of the Irish, the playing to the galleries on the part of certain public men, and the weakness of the press generally for sensational news and sensational treatment of current events, the ties between the two countries assert themselves more and more as time goes on. The wisdom of making an appeal to the better judgment and the sense of fairness in others is illustrated by the change of tone in England, where the strongest pressure is undoubtedly being brought to bear upon

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the Government by public opinion to secure an adjustment of difficulties with this country at as early a date as possible, in order to remove even the possibility of serious disturbance. The Venezuelan Commission has begun its work, and it is now announced from England that all the papers relating to the English case will be published at an early date, in order that all the questions at issue may be laid before the public in both countries, and that the Commission here may be put in possession of all the facts from the English side. This is a very important concession, and ought to be fairly and generously met by our Government. The "Daily News" declares that Lord Salisbury has refused to arbitrate the boundary dispute on the terms proposed by Venezuela, and has declined to recognize the request of our own Government to trace a boundary, but that if the American Commission will define what in their opinion the terms should be, and if a European Power will act as arbitrator, England would be willing to submit her case to the decision of such an arbitrator. The possibility of direct settlement between Venezuela and Great Britain is also reported. These are all methods of escape from the dilemma in which the two countries now find themselves, and they are indicative of a sincere desire to end a situation which is intolerable to two peoples so intimately allied with each other. Concerning the proposal of a permanent court for the adjudication of all issues between the two countries we have spoken in another column.

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The resignations of seven Canadian Ministers from Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Cabinet forms a peculiar crisis, never paralleled in British history. Despite the reasons given by the ex-Finance Minister, Mr. Foster, for the resignations of himself and colleagues, it is suspected by some that these decisions were part of a conspiracy to depose the Premier and to put Sir Charles Tupper in his place. As Sir Charles is a friend of the present Imperial Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, it is thought that the latter's influence may not have been lacking. The reason for this influence is reported to be that, if further trouble should arise between the United States and England, Canadian affairs may be directed by a man whose views more nearly approach the Secretary's. On the other hand, it is also reported that the refusal of the Governor-General, the Earl of Aberdeen, to accept the proposed resignation of the Premier himself was the outcome of communication with the Colonial Office. At all events, Sir Mackenzie Bowell declared later that, rather than resign, he had decided to proceed with the reorganization of the Conservative party and carry out the policy laid down in the Speech from the Throne. In that Speech remedial legislation for the Roman Catholics of Manitoba was a prominent feature, and, as might have been expected, all of the Catholic members of the Bowell Cabinet remained true to their leader. It is now announced that he has succeeded in forming a new Cabinet.

❀

It is difficult to sum up in a paragraph the career of a man of such genius and such moral unsoundness as Paul Verlaine, who died in Paris last week at the age of fifty-one, after a life touched by genius and marred by terrible dissipation. In some respects Verlaine recalls Villon, whose unquestioned genius was allied to every form of moral profligacy and unworthiness; who was at once a great poet and a thief; and of whose strangely confused character Mr. Stevenson has given us such a striking study. Verlaine had a vein of the purest poetry in him, and has written some things of exquisite delicacy and purity, not to say of religious feeling. At other times he wrote verses fit only for a saturnalia. His life was in many respects a long-continued saturnalia, with the interruptions of the hospital, the kind of repentance which confines itself mainly to feeling, and which bore fruit in his case in beautiful expressions of regret and devotion. In feeling Verlaine was a devout Roman Catholic; in life he was a hopeless profligate. Notwithstanding the irregularity of his habits and the disease which fastened upon him as the result of his dissipation, his work in prose and verse fills more than twenty volumes. The king of the decadent writers, he played havoc with those laws which French Academicians hold so sacred, and yet secured metrical effects which were beyond the power of almost any other man of his generation. Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten his visit to England and the attention which was shown him there, nor have they forgotten that Nordau brought him forward as one of the most striking examples of the modern degenerate. His life and his art were in hopeless dissonance, and in his case, despite the beautiful things which he did at times, one finds an impressive illustration of the fact that a great productive life must be harmonious; that morals and the highest art are bound together indissolubly, and that no man can violate the laws of sound living without limiting his power, wasting his strength, and impairing the gift of genius. The significance of his work lies in the reaction against academic precision and formality which it illustrated.

❀

The two most interesting speeches made in Congress last week related to the rules of the Senate and the House respectively. The speech in the Senate was delivered by Mr. White, of California, in support of an extremely moderate rule for clôture submitted by Mr. Hill, of New York. This rule provided that when any bill has been debated in the Senate on different days, aggregating thirty, it shall be in order, without debate, to fix a time for the taking of a vote. Mr. White, in supporting this change in the rules, pointed out that, as the number of Senators had increased, the rule allowing unlimited debate had placed the majority more and more hopelessly at the mercy of the minority. In so large a body as the present an insignificant fraction had the physical power to prolong discussion indefinitely. Furthermore, precedents had continued to accumulate, making factions and even individuals ready to resort to obstructive tactics. He cited a case in the last Congress in which one member got his way by threatening to read a pile of manuscript a foot and a half high and containing at least a thousand pages. "Under our programme," said Senator White, "a single voice neutralizes, nay vanquishes, eighty-seven. Sir Boyle Roche would have said that 'one Senator outnumbers eighty-seven.'" It was a common experience, he continued, for the leader of the majority to be told that if such and such concessions were made the majority would be "allowed to proceed." The rule allowing unlimited deliberation did not even secure intelligent deliberation. The speeches made for purposes of obstruction were so dull as to empty the benches. Many of these speeches were not listened to by a single member except the Senator from Kansas (Mr. Peffer), who considers it his arduous duty to listen to everything. Just as little could the present rules be defended because unlimited debate was essential to the "dignity" of the Senate. "We cannot overcome a single and determined opposing Senator until, his physical powers having weakened, we march to roll-call over his prostrate and panting form. Such procedure is not dignified. . . . While not novel here, it excites universal surprise everywhere else. . . . Every effective assemblage

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in the civilized world is controlled by rules which make the transaction of business by the majority always obtainable in a reasonable time. . . . If we are here for work, let work be done. If it be better for the country that no legislation should be had—and I have heard a distinguished man defend our rules upon this ground—then let us meet only to adjourn. . . . I am afraid of majorities, says one. Very true, but I am afraid of minorities. If we cannot trust the majority, *a fortiori* minorities cannot be trusted. The basis of our government is the recognition of the majority. . . . When the majority representing the people cannot prevail within a reasonable time, the condition is menacing." There is no likelihood that this argument will ever be answered, but, unfortunately, there is almost as little probability that it will soon be heeded.

❀

The speech in the House criticising the House rules was less conclusive, but nevertheless contained a most important truth. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, proposed to change the rules so as to require the Speaker to recognize whatever member first obtains the floor. At present the Speaker may not only select from those claiming recognition, but may even ask a member for what purpose he rises, and refuse him a hearing at discretion. Mr. Hepburn said:

"If there is any one proposition of the Constitution that is well established, it is the absolute equality of constituencies and of the representatives of constituencies on this floor. This rule of ours puts into the hands of the Speaker the power arbitrarily to silence a constituency during the existence of an entire Congress. This is a deliberative body. Business here is to be done by the people's representatives, and not by the Speaker. I heard it suggested once as coming from the Speaker that there would be no debate upon a certain question, because this was 'not a debating school.' Ah, Mr. Speaker, there is getting abroad too much of the idea of the schoolmaster in the Speaker's chair. I believe it is time to call a halt on that, and to relieve the Speaker of this grave responsibility—to make this House again a deliberative body. Mr. Speaker, this is not an innovation. The innovation is on the other side. Up to the Forty-sixth Congress the Speaker of the House of Representatives was required to recognize the member upon whom his eye first rested. Then the rule was changed and the language of the present rule adopted, giving the Speaker the power to refuse recognition on this floor and to defeat the equality of members."

General Henderson, of Iowa, defended the present rules, and urged that the House might again and again be kept from transacting the business it desired to transact if the Speaker's power were abridged in the manner proposed. It is probable that a complex code of rules would have to be established in case the Speaker's discretionary powers were restricted, for the size of the House of Representatives makes perfect freedom of debate impossible. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the powers now lodged in the Speaker of the House of Representatives are despotic to a degree without parallel in the English-speaking world. The difficulty with the Senate rules is that, without unanimous consent, debate cannot be cut off; the difficulty with the House rules is that, without the consent of the Speaker, debate cannot be carried on. The power lodged with one man in the House is far less serious than the power lodged with one man in the Senate, for the one man in the House is responsible to the majority. Nevertheless, there is almost as much need of rules in the House to insure freedom to deliberate as there is need of rules in the Senate to insure freedom to act.

❀

Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, has won another remarkable victory. The new company chartered under his administration to lay tracks on streets unoccupied by the old company, and carry passengers at the charge of eight tickets for a quarter, has been abundantly successful, and one of its members, Mr. H. A. Everett, formerly President of the Cleveland Street Railway Company, is quoted by the Cleveland "Leader" as favoring the introduction of three-cent fares in that city, where he is still heavily interested. A larger revenue per mile, Mr. Everett urges, can be obtained from three-cent fares than from five-cent fares. Naturally, the people from Detroit have become convinced that three-cent fares are as practicable in that city as in Toronto, Canada. When, therefore, the old company applied for a fifteen-year extension of its charter (which will expire in a little less than fifteen years), and offered to sell seven tickets for a quarter, the Mayor insisted that three-cent fares should be granted, and that the future rights of the public should be carefully protected. The general public in Detroit warmly supported him in this position. The Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce did, indeed, call upon him to accept the offer of seven tickets for a quarter, but the Mayor replied by referring them to the overwhelming majority for three-cent fares at the late election, pointing out that the difference between seven tickets for twenty-five cents and eight tickets for twenty-five cents would (with present traffic) amount to over $6,000,000 in the thirty years. Finally the old company issued an order authorizing the sale of eight tickets for a quarter, and thereupon secured the passage of a vaguely worded ordinance extending its charter and exempting its personal property from municipal taxation. At the next meeting of the City Council—Tuesday of last week—the Mayor submitted his veto of this action. The Council Hall was packed with citizens, and the excitement was intense. The Mayor based his veto of the ordinance upon the indefinite grants contained in certain of its clauses, as well as upon the definite grant of exemption from taxation. The ordinance, he urged, should have specified that the company abandon its fights in the courts for an exclusive right to all the streets in Detroit, and that it stipulate the continuance of free transfers and no charge to children under six years of age. The details of the message are not of National interest, but the following clause deserves to be quoted verbatim:

"One of my greatest objections to this ordinance is that it contains no provision for the future municipal ownership of the tracks of the company. Upon this question the sentiment of our people is almost unanimous."

The veto was sustained by a vote of 13 to 18.

❀

In New York a temperance bill modeled after the present law in Ohio has been reported by Chairman Raines, of the Senate Committee on Excise. The characteristic feature of the Ohio law is that it regulates the number of saloons by taxation instead of by the discretionary powers of Boards of Excise. In Ohio, if a majority of the people in the township do not vote to shut out the saloons altogether, the business is open to any citizen who pays the tax required by the State law. No Board of Excise has power over the fortunes of any saloon-keeper, and consequently no saloon-keeper is forced to enter politics in order to secure the election or appointment of a Board of Excise favorable to his interests. This does not mean that the liquor interests are not extremely active in Ohio politics; in fact, the strong pressure of public opinion in favor of a more comprehensive local option law makes them just now extremely active; and at all times they are anxious for a local administration that will wink at their violations of existing law. But in so far as the liquor-dealers conform with the present law, and do not fear local prohibition, their pernicious activity in politics is to a great extent eliminated by their independence of the fear or favor of

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Excise Boards. It is this feature of the Ohio system which the New York Senate Committee on Excise would make the foundation of a reformed liquor law. As regards the amount of the tax, the proposed law in New York differs widely from the Ohio model. In Ohio there is a uniform fee of $250 a year for each saloon. In the proposed New York law the fees range from $100 in the rural districts ($200 in incorporated villages) to $800 in cities with more than 1,500,000 inhabitants. These rates are more than treble those now in force. It is further provided that one half of the revenues shall go to the State treasury, and the other half to the county treasuries. At present the entire revenue goes to the local treasuries.

❀

These financial provisions will furnish the most rational basis for opposition to the bill. Not only do they antagonize the moral sentiments of those who dread to intrench the liquor traffic more strongly in the interests of taxpayers, and the political sentiments of those who condemn a uniform tax suppressing small beer-saloons and increasing the business of great bar-rooms; but also (and this is temporarily important) the disproportionately high rates for cities, and the provision that a part of the taxes paid by cities must ultimately go to the relief of taxpayers in the rural districts, make possible the antagonism of city Republicans. It is to be hoped that these more reasonable objections to the measure will be met by modifications; for the enactment of the measure, taken as a whole, would generally advance the cause of temperance in New York State. Especially is this the case because of two provisions not contained in the Ohio model. The proposed New York law prohibits the screening of bars during the hours when sales are illegal, and it provides for local option by city wards. The opportunity thus offered of freeing the residence districts of cities from the presence of the saloons, and of enforcing the present laws against Sunday bar-rooms, ought alone to rally the temperance people of the State to the support of this measure.

❀

When the California Republican platform, in 1894, demanded an export bounty on farm products, in order to protect agriculture as much as manufacturing is now protected by import duties, the demand was regarded as an evidence of the extraordinary discontent of Western farmers. Since that time, however, the evidence has been rapidly accumulating that this demand is indorsed by farmers in every part of the country, as essential to the justice of a protective system. The most remarkable instance of this is found in the resolutions recently passed by the State Grange of Pennsylvania. By a unanimous vote that body propounded the following questions to the American Tariff League and the Home Market Club:

"First. Can a tariff on imports directly or indirectly protect the home market prices of agricultural staples as long as the surplus is sold for export, and the export and home price of these are the same?

"Second. If it cannot, must not this unprotected industry pay for the cost of protection of the protected industries?

"Third. Is not such a system of protection injuriously unjust and inequitable to the producers of agricultural staples?

"Fourth. Will not a bounty on the exports of agricultural staples for the protection of their prices in the home market be just and equitable so long as protection by a tariff on imports is in operation?"

❀

When such questions as these are asked by the farmers of a State which has been the very citadel of protection, it is no wonder that the Republican Congress makes haste to repudiate the principle of free trade in raw materials by restoring sixty per cent. of the McKinley duties on wool and lumber. The farmers of the country are no longer in a mood to submit to discriminations between the product of farm labor and the product of factory labor. Protection, they demand, must either be made a system or be abandoned; either all industries must be supported alike out of the proceeds of taxation, or no industry must be thus supported. The price of the great agricultural staples cannot be raised by a tariff on imports, for the American price is always the European price minus the cost of transportation. Only by means of a bounty on exports can American prices of wheat, corn, cotton, and meat be raised above the European level or even to that level. Justice, therefore, demands, say the farmers, that either such a bounty be granted, raising the price of their products, or else that they be no longer required to pay more than the European price (plus the cost of transportation) for the products they buy. If the American Tariff League or the Home Market Club can send an answer to the Pennsylvania Grange which will convince it that the price of farm products is artificially raised by the present tariff system as much as the price of manufactured goods, we shall be interested to see it.

❀

The recent decision of Dr. Bosse, the Prussian Minister of Public Instruction, permitting sixty-seven American women to avail themselves of the privileges of lectures in the University of Berlin—although no such courtesy is extended to his own countrywomen—has now been followed by a more important event in Hungary. Contrary to German and Austrian precedents, the University of Budapest has opened its doors to Hungarian women, and will confer upon them its degrees. It is true that in some departments of the University of Budapest there still exists great lack of accommodation; therefore, at present, women will enter only the departments of Philosophy, Medicine, and Pharmacy, but as soon as possible every department will be thrown open to them. Nor is this all. The degrees which they will receive from the University will entitle them to teach, to practice medicine, and to conduct pharmacies. The history of Bologna may be repeated at Budapest, for women are now again eligible to appointment as professors in a great university. The immediate benefit to Hungary, long suffering from the paucity of doctors and apothecaries, will be indeed welcome. An interesting question arises in this connection, and one which will affect the relations of the two members of the Dual Empire. Under their union a diploma in medicine granted in one country is valid in the other, while, with an impetuosity worthy of a better cause, the Austrian Government has already declared that it will prevent the recognition of women doctors. Nevertheless, as they have deservedly won recognition and success everywhere, it is safe to say that Austria will prove no exception to the general rule.

❀

We suspect that the "Study of Church Entertainments" presented by Mr. W. B. Hale in the current "Forum" is rather vividly colored, and has a touch of the exaggeration common to aggressive argument. But no one can doubt that there is need of a sound conservatism in maintaining the reverence and dignity due to churches from their very object and character. Mr. Hale explains the prevalence of bad taste and even vulgarity in church social entertainments by saying that "the luxury of having one hundred and forty sects is expensive, and the money to pay for it must be raised in some fashion." It is not exactly an argument against a stereopticon lecture (as Mr. Hale seems

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to think) that St. Paul never gave one, nor is it a fatal objection to a church fair that the Church of Ephesus is not known to have advertised such a thing. As is the case with the ethics of many other social questions, there is room for discrimination and taste in these matters. But the church which transforms itself into a manager of "sacred negro minstrels, dances, light opera, and vaudeville" is certainly in great need of a spiritual vision and a higher sense of duty. Mr. Hale has kept a list of money-raising devices used by churches the past year. He finds the lottery in use only in some Roman Catholic fairs—in one of which he avers that barrels of beer were raffled for; but he charges Protestant churches with sensational advertising not to be distinguished from that of variety shows, with comic opera performances, with "Living Picture Shows," "Female Minstrel Shows," irreverent and vulgar jokes, and in one case with "song and dance turns, impersonation of the Bowery Girl, and a skirt dance!" We do not need to take with too great gravity much that is evidently intended as harmless humor by the purveyors of these entertainments, nor to thunder *ex cathedra* at petty absurdities; yet there is plenty of evidence that in too many cases the churches are wandering altogether too far from their true function. We join heartily in Mr. Hale's general conclusion: "The world does not need the Church as a purveyor of vaudeville. . . . The world does need, and is piteously crying out for the Church to do that for which, divided, it is hopelessly inefficient."

What Can We Do?

It is worse than useless to read with beating hearts and blanched faces such a story of trouble and tragedy as that printed on another page, and then—do nothing. Is there anything which we can do? Any service which Christian pity in America can render to the suffering Armenians—persecuted for the crime of being Christians? Yes!

1. We can by our Government protect our own citizens. The two nurses whose story we give our readers to-day are Americans. They are pursuing a legitimate vocation in Turkey. It is as least as legitimate to carry on a hospital as a railroad, to heal the sick in Armenia as to make money among the Armenians. Perhaps our Government is doing all that can be done for their protection. But certainly they are not adequately protected. If some of the superfluous indignation over wrongs not yet inflicted on the Venezuelans were directed toward the Kurds ruthlessly massacring the Armenians, if some of the praiseworthy determination to protect American interests not yet assailed in South America were directed to protect American philanthropists in peril of their lives in Turkey, more efficient protection would be afforded than has been. Where there is a will there is a way. America is fierce where it should be patient, and forbearing where it should be fierce.

2. The President by a message and Congress by joint resolution can express the universal sympathy of Americans for the massacred Armenians and protest in the name of humanity against the indifference and the inefficiency of the Turkish Government. England is responsible for the maintenance of that Government. Half the people of England are indignant that the English Government does nothing. We can officially, by Congressional resolution, declare our sympathy with that portion of the English people, and our sense that it is England's duty to act. Would such interference in European affairs be inconsistent with our traditions? No! It would be in accordance with them.

In December, 1823, Greece was fighting to deliver herself from this same Turk, and President Monroe, in his annual message, declared the sympathy of Americans with them in their struggle, and Daniel Webster, then in the House of Representatives, introduced the following resolution in response to that message:

> "*Resolved*, That provision ought to be made by law for defraying the expense incident to the appointment of an Agent or Commissioner to Greece, whenever the President shall deem it expedient to make such appointment."

This resolution he supported in a vigorous speech, the principles of which are as applicable to the present situation as to that which then existed:

> "It may be asked, What can we do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations? No, certainly not. What then, the question recurs, remains for us? If we will not endanger our own peace, if we will neither furnish armies nor navies to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within our power? Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets and armies and subsidies were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, a great change has taken place in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, inextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,
>
> "'Vital in every part, . . .
> Cannot, but by annihilating, die.'"

The event justified and reinforced this reasoning. There are good grounds to believe that this action by the United States Government, which was the first, was also one of the most potent, influences outside of Greece in securing her independence. It is high time for the President to follow the example of President Monroe and for Congress to recognize the principles enunciated by Daniel Webster, and for both to proclaim to the world America's sympathy for the Armenians, and her protest against the further acquiescence of the Christian Powers in the massacres.

3. We can give more material expression to our sympathy. When Chicago was desolated by fire, the Atlantic States sent relief. When Charleston was desolated by earthquake, the Northern States sent relief. When Ireland was desolated by famine, the United States sent relief. But the desolations of war are worse than those of either. Fire, earthquake, famine, are not so cruel as the saber of the Kurd. David's choice was wise, "Let me not fall into the hand of man." Nothing is so cruel as the cruelty of men. Clara Barton starts in two weeks for the scene of desolation. She has the promise of protection in her ministering work. Her efficiency has been proved on American soil. Send her full-handed. Turn to page 93. Read the story there. Then send your contribution. The Outlook will receive and forward it. Be prompt. Whatever is done should be done quickly. But what she cannot carry can be sent to her. It will be better late than never.

The official declaration of the Turkish Government (as sent out to the press on Monday by the Turkish Legation at Washington) that it regards the offering of relief to its suffering subjects as an insult, and that it will not permit the relief to be given, is no reason for withholding nor for delay. Whether we have a right as Americans to give succor to suffering Americans; whether, on the larger ground

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of humanity, we have a right to extend succor to suffering Armenians, and whether we will insist on this right—all this will be time enough to determine when the benevolence is met at the door of the Turkish Empire and refused admission. Meanwhile, the larger the contributions, and the wider their sources, the greater will be the pressure of Turkey to withdraw its refusal to allow them to be bestowed on the hungry, the wounded, the dying. Moreover, the authorities in charge of the Armenian Relief Fund in this country inform us that there are sufficient avenues for the distribution of relief without antagonizing the Turkish Government.

The Way Out

In a time of moral perplexity and peril like that into which the Venezuela dispute has plunged this Nation, a first thing is to unite the moral forces of the Nation. And this cannot be done if one party assumes that it possesses them all. It cannot be done by charges and countercharges, by accusations of Jingoism on the one side and of commercial cowardice and lack of patriotism on the other. Classes, like individuals, act from mixed motives, and to find the true solution of a perplexing moral problem a first condition is to disentangle these mixed motives and to mass those that are righteous against those that are unrighteous.

It is very certain that in the passionate outburst against England there was much that was base: there was an emergence of the brutal love of war for its own sake, a repetition of the ambition for "glory" which cost France so dear in the Napoleonic wars, a passion for conquest, a measurement of national greatness by the bigness of its territory, an Anglophobia which is at least no more rational than the deservedly satirized Anglomania. But there were other and nobler elements. The Monroe Doctrine, as proposed by Canning and approved by Monroe, is past history, but underneath it and really embodied in it is a doctrine which is a present fact and which will influence, if it does not control, future history on this continent. It is a sentiment rather than an opinion, but it is a chivalric and a not unworthy sentiment. The United States feels a sense of responsibility for affairs in the American hemisphere. This is no more a part of international law than England's responsibility for India; but it is as serious a fact, and one that must be reckoned with in all international dealings. And it has lately been quickened and vivified by the Armenian outrages. The American people have read the tales of horror from Turkey; they have thought themselves powerless to interfere; they have believed that the responsibility for such outrages rested on the European Powers, and especially on England; they have felt indignant that this responsibility has been apparently so lightly regarded; and when a rumor of aggression in our own hemisphere reached their ears they were impulsively eager, too impulsively eager, to assume the responsibility which in some measure does belong to them. The passion over Venezuela is in part an outlet for the pent-up indignation over Armenia. Not only Americans who believe in peace and will pursue it, but Englishmen who are perplexed by the sudden war-fever which has swept over this country, must reckon with a serious determination of Americans, which is probably the only permanent element in this sudden and strange excitement, to hold themselves responsible that no aggressions are permitted, no great national wrongs suffered, on either the North American or the South American continent. We hold ourselves guardians for this hemisphere as the Christian Powers do for Europe, only with a far stricter accountability.

On the other hand, it must be confessed that the desire for peace is not wholly praiseworthy. Commerce is timid; and commercial timidity has enforced the call for peace. But it is a great mistake to charge the demand for peace to any such motive. When Mr. Roosevelt, writing in the "Harvard Crimson" in criticism of the utterances of Harvard professors, speaks of "stock-jobbing timidity, the Baboo kind of statesmanship, which is clamored for at this moment by the men who put monetary gain before national honor, or who are still intellectually in a state of colonial dependence on England," he dishonors himself in trying to dishonor his peers. In truth, it requires a very high degree of courage to resist an outbreak of irrational prejudice in a democracy, and none whatever to fall in with and endeavor to inflame it. The fact that with substantial unanimity—with only such exceptions as emphasize that unanimity—the Christian churches in all localities and of all denominations have condemned as needless the talk of war and as wicked the spirit which desires it, should suffice to convince all fair-minded men that in the demand for a peaceable adjustment of this and all kindred differences there is a very earnest and a very determined, though not vociferous, conscience.

In England, too, the conscience is not all on one side. We ought to be able to understand, even if we do not approve, the Tory position that England will not arbitrate the question whether she will protect her citizens, residing on what she has always claimed as her colonial territory. On the other hand, it is certain that the Christian conscience of England and Scotland agrees with the Christian conscience of the United States, not only that it would be a crime to permit war between the two countries, but that it is a crime ever to entertain the idea of such a war.

Men who recognize each other's righteous spirit can always find a way to agree in a righteous purpose; and if the righteous elements in both nations unite, it is certain that the unrighteous elements cannot compel a wholly unrighteous war. And the method by which the universal conscience can be satisfied, and peace not only now maintained but reasonably well assured for all future time, has already been suggested by wise statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic. This is by something better than arbitration—namely, the constitution of a permanent court to which all matters at issue between the United States and Great Britain should be referred for settlement, as now all matters at issue between the several States of this Union are referred to the Supreme Court of the United States for settlement. This is not a new proposition. Not to go further back, it was suggested by Sir George Clarke, the Governor of Malta, in an article in the "North American Review" in March, 1894. It was again urged on the Peace Conference at Lake Mohonk last June by Edward Everett Hale. It was received with applause by the American Bar Association last August when recommended by Mr. Justice Brewer in his address. According to the press, it has been more definitely formulated by Sir Frederick Pollock in England and Mr. Justice Harlan in this country. Professor Thayer, of Harvard Law School, in a recent issue of the "University Law Review," argues its practicability. Diplomacy should be able to adjust a basis between the two countries on which such an international court could be organized. Since England originally proposed the Monroe Doctrine, England could hardly object to a rationally defined doctrine of our responsibility for the peace of the American hemisphere. American law is so far borrowed from English law as to give legal homogeneity to a tribunal

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composed of English and American jurists. The mere creation of such a court would be prophetic of a larger tribunal, joined in by all the powers of Christendom, and charged with settling all international disputes. Public opinion would enforce the decisions of such a tribunal; and no objecting nation could hazard forcible resistance to a decree pronounced by a court which represented all the greatest powers of the civilized world.

The peace-lovers of the United States and Great Britain ought not to be content with merely preventing a war now between these two countries. They should unite to create a tribunal which should make war impossible in the future. Navies and armies then would be needed only for police and patrol duty, and to protect the civilized world from the dangers threatened by barbaric peoples.

The Inspiration of Opportunity

It is a truism that a man never knows what is in him until the right opportunity comes; and there are no surprises in life more delightful than the rapid growth in power often made by one who had hitherto given little promise, but who responds immediately to favorable conditions. One reason for that misjudgment of individual ability which is so frequent among us is due to the fact that we do not rightly measure the capacity of many whom we know best, for the reason that that capacity is undeveloped. It has been said of Emerson's insistence upon self-reliance, and especially of the essay in which that note is struck with such clearness, that this preaching has produced more bad writing than any other single cause in America. It has given a great many people, who had no special qualifications for writing, absolute confidence in their own work. Self-reliance is one of the most effective qualities which a man can possess, but self-reliance must be based on judgment and not on blind egotism. But, while many men and women overestimate themselves, it is probably true that the great mass of men and women underestimate their capacity. When opportunity touches an undeveloped man, it is astonishing what power is often displayed; and it is undoubtedly true that, while there are no mute Shakespeares, the world is full of men and women of real power who need only an opportunity to exhibit it. But opportunities are oftener made than found, and opportunities would come oftener to all of us if we held ourselves, in the right sense, at a higher price. We are too easily satisfied with what we have done, and we too early accept what appear to be the limits of our growth. No man or woman ought ever to accept any limits to development. There is a power behind us on which we have a right to count, even when we distrust our own capacity. Right methods of life, right habits of work, and sound aims keep us in touch with that divine power which nourishes and unfolds everything which it feeds. Upon this faith as a foundation, we have a right to demand of the new time that it shall give us weight and force and vitality such as the old time never gave us. We have a right to ask of ourselves greater efficiency, energy, and freshness. Refusing to set any limit to our growth, we have a right to insist that life shall mean more to us and shall do more through us every year than in any previous year. Mr. Story was once showing a friend, who was visiting him in Rome, his recent work. "For which of the things you have done," asked his friend, "do you care most?" "I care most," said the sculptor, "for the statue I am to carve next." It is not achievement which brings hope, consolation, and inspiration; it is opportunity. If we are immortal, the future is our reality, not the past.

Are Foreign Missionaries Frauds?

Last Days of the Deputation in Japan

By the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

I have waited until we have traversed Japan from north to south and from east to west, and been in nearly all the homes of our missionaries, to write on a subject which has seldom been absent from my mind since my appointment to this service.

During the past few years so much has been written in depreciation of Christian missions and missionaries that I determined to investigate for myself and faithfully to report the results of my observations. Two or three classes of people have recently written on this subject; viz., business men, whose opportunities have been confined chiefly to the "open ports," and who know little of the real Japan; "globe-trotters" who go around the world on a hop, skip, and jump, and pick up their information in the hotels and on the steamers; and, lastly, men of ample opportunity of observation, but who show by every word that they write that they have taken "a brief" to discredit all missions and missionaries.

The business men, often young, with little general experience, know chiefly Yokohama, Tokyo, and Kobe; they never visit and converse with the missionaries, and their testimony is about as valuable as that of a Lancashire manufacturer, visiting America but once or twice in his lifetime, and then only New York, Boston, and Baltimore, would be likely to be concerning the "home missionaries" who, all over our land, are doing so much to civilize and evangelize America. Others of this class spend many years in Japan, but never take the trouble to get the exact facts from the only persons knowing them. "Globe-trotters" are proverbially voluble and unreliable, whether they speak of political, social, or religious affairs; while the last class of writers betray a prejudice which utterly unfits them to make candid observations. In their eyes the commonest of Japanese are nearly angelic, and missionaries, without exception, either consciously or unconsciously, illustrations of selfishness and vulgarity. What are the facts? As clearly as possible I shall try to put them before the readers of The Outlook and leave them to form their own opinions. My opportunities of investigation have been chiefly confined to missionaries of the American Board, and I shall limit my remarks, in the main, to them.

First, consider the charge of extravagance. What is the truth here? In Japan missionaries receive a salary of one thousand dollars and a house. "A very handsome sum," it may be said; but a salary is to be measured by the demands upon it, and no one can visit Japan without instantly seeing that the demands on the financial resources of the missionaries are much greater than on the same class of workers at home. The salary is barely sufficient for a comfortable living. It must be remembered that foreigners require "foreign food." If any one thinks that unnecessary, I can only say that I should advise him to try the experiment of living as the people of the land do before coming to a decision.

But we are told that the missionaries live in beautiful and expensive houses. Apparently, yes; actually, no. A foreigner, after seeing the houses of the Japanese, may think the missionary's house more expensive. That is because he does not know how the two houses are constructed. The house that suggests home always seems the finer; but the Japanese house, though probably smaller, has cost as much, if not more, money. Those missionary houses, apparently so extravagant, are large and roomy, but are mere shells, constructed in the cheapest and simplest manner. None of them are owned by the occupants, but all are the property of the Board, or the Doshisha, and, when required, can be sold and the proceeds used elsewhere. But it is said that the houses are in expensive locations. How easy it is to misrepresent facts! Let me take two illustrations which are typical; viz., the residences in Kyoto and Kobe. Twenty years or more ago, when those houses were erected, the building-sites were chosen because they were, first, healthful, and, second, cheap. They were located where land could be had for a song. Now those cities have grown so that those are the most valuable of all the locations for residence, and the Board owns valuable property simply because land, which twenty years ago

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could hardly be given away has greatly appreciated. A visitor to Kyoto or Kobe will find the missionary houses around the finest park in the former city, and crowning one of the sightliest hills in the latter city; but when they were selected, no one else cared for those lots. Are the missionaries to be blamed because the land has increased in value? But why not sell them? Well, in Kyoto the houses are now the legal property of the Doshisha University, and when the missionaries no longer need them they will be for the exclusive use of that institution. The missionaries could not sell them if they would—they are owned by Japanese, who hold them in trust for Christian education. These facts ought forever to silence those who carp concerning the houses of missionaries. The houses are large, but very inexpensive; and the sites, valuable now, were not valuable when bought; and cannot be sold, because they have been given to the Doshisha to be in the end a part of its endowment.

Now one word as to how the missionaries live. I have been in their houses day after day and week after week, and I affirm unqualifiedly that they live in the simplest and most frugal way. In many of the houses are pianos and pictures and numerous books. The former were brought from home, and were largely the gifts of friends; the latter are the indispensable tools of all who would cope with the mentally alert Japanese. Almost everywhere I have found evidences of beautiful taste, and at the same time sure proofs of a simplicity and frugality which would satisfy the most exacting of the supporters of the Board. Those who have reported anything different, I cannot help feeling, are guilty either of culpable ignorance or of malice.

Who are these missionaries that so many loftily condemn as social parasites? The missionaries of the American Board include graduates of Amherst, Yale, Dartmouth, Williams, Harvard, Wellesley, Ann Arbor, and many other of our most prominent institutions of learning. One, Dr. D. C. Greene, is a nephew of William M. Evarts, of New York, and a scholar of whose record Dartmouth is justly proud. One, Dr. J. D. Davis, rose to the rank of colonel in our late war, and is as chivalrous and brave now as when leading his soldiers to battle. Another, Dr. John H. Gulick, has found time in the midst of arduous duties as a missionary to make himself one of the most eminent of living scholars in the department of biology. The late George J. Romanes placed him in the front rank of living scientists. His works speak for themselves. Few books on Japan are more interesting or widely read than that of Dr. M. L. Gordon, of Kyoto, a man who is a true scholar and a noble preacher; while perhaps the best life of the Japanese Buddha has been translated by the Rev. J. L. Atkinson, of Kobe, who has made a special study of Buddhism. How can I speak of the brilliant oratory of De Forest, and the equally fine abilities in the lecture-rooms of the Doshisha of Albrecht and Curtiss, men fully abreast of the world's latest and best thought; of Learned, whose ability as a teacher even the most critical Japanese acknowledge, and whose writings are voluminous and valuable; of the evangelistic fervor of Otis Carey; of the brave men like Newell, Pedley, and Curtiss, who are almost burying themselves in the far north; of Pettee and White at Okayama, who are doing a work which wins golden words from the most critical of the Japanese; of Allchin and his tours among the people, singing and preaching as he travels; of Bartlett, in the most isolated of all the stations—a son of the ex-President of Dartmouth; of Noyes and Sidney Gulick, whose scholarship is surpassed only by their Christian zeal; and of Clark, of whom I have heard from Japanese only praise? I say with all deliberation that I do not know, in any profession in Europe or America, a nobler or more scholarly class of men, taken as a whole, than those missionaries to Japan. Not one of them is there because unable to find work at home. Such men are always in demand. They are, all of them, brave and true soldiers of the cross, and the suggestion which has been raised in some quarters that they are responsible for whatever is not encouraging in the work in Japan is one that ought to cause those who utter such insinuations to blush with shame. They all preach a positive Gospel, and not one of them has in any way been untrue to his trust.

When I come to speak of the missionary ladies, I agree with the representatives of the Kumai-ai Churches, who found words weak to express their enthusiasm for the fidelity and wisdom of those workers. The single women, like Misses Denton, Wainwright, Benedict, Searle, Holbrook, Parmelee, Colby, Case, and Torrey, are conducting girls' school; while others, like Misses Daniels, Bradshaw, Gulick, Harwood, Griswold, Stewart, and Adams, are going from house to house, and city to city, conducting evangelistic services. Others, like Misses Barrows, Dudley, and Cosad, are training Bible-women among the natives, while Miss Howe has rendered splendid service in training kindergarten teachers, and Miss Frazer in training nurses. I am speaking only of those whose work I have seen, and whom I know personally. To those mentioned above must be added the wives of the missionaries, women of culture and refinement, who would grace any homes in Europe or America. I have left for the last of this list the name of Miss Talcott, who, for her heroic work in the hospitals of Hiroshima during the late war with China, did a work which is worthy to be classed with that of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. I make no excuse for writing with enthusiasm, for I am sure of my facts. But they have an easy time, some one says. Do they? Is it easy to live among a people so different, however appreciative? Is it easy to go from town to town, and conduct services, living in native hotels, where privacy is impossible? to be where no reliable medical service is to be had? to eat food that is distasteful? to be misrepresented and misunderstood by those who owe only gratitude? Is it easy, when the time comes for the children to be educated, to see them go away eight thousand miles from parental care, and live among people who, to say the least, are not father and mother?

But some one may ask, Are the missionaries really making any impression on Japan? I will still limit myself to the missionaries of one Board. They have been in that country only twenty-six years. They have labored where the soil, to say the least, was utterly un-Christian before their advent. There are now about forty independent, self-supporting Christian churches of this one denomination, and about one hundred and fifty other places where religious services are regularly held, reaching thousands of people. There are about eleven thousand church members. There are hospitals, orphan asylums, free kindergartens taught by trained teachers, and a training-school for kindergarten teachers. There are seven boarding-schools for young women—two of them of college grade—and in them are graduates of Wellesley, Michigan University, Mount Holyoke, and other American colleges for women, giving thorough education to the Japanese women; there are several boarding-schools for boys, equally good; and, lastly, there is the Doshisha University, many of whose professors have been trained in the best universities of Europe and America, and in which are about five hundred students. In addition, the best training-school for nurses in the Empire is sending out nurses who have already proved their worth. Nor is this all. The teachings of Christ are reaching far and wide and influencing thousands who do not know the source from which they come. And yet there are those who say missions are a failure.

Our visit to Japan culminated in a three days' meeting of the mission in Kyoto, where missionaries and Deputation celebrated Thanksgiving in true American fashion. I have attended many religious meetings in my time, but none that surpassed this for vitality and enthusiasm. The closing service was worthy of a last day's session of the Anniversary of the American Board.

I am well aware that I have written of picked men and women; that many missionaries are not like those of whom I have here spoken. Many are selfish, rude, uncultured, utterly unfit for the work which they have undertaken; many hinder the kingdom both by word and example. This is true of workers in all fields, both at home and abroad. But I believe such persons are exceptions, and I know not one of that class among the missionaries of the American Board in Japan.

Our work is now done. Whether good results will follow our efforts time alone can tell. But, if no other benefit is realized, at least this much is sure—all the members of the Deputation will always be richer and happier for their memories of the noble men and women whom they found so bravely and patiently cooperating with the Japanese Christians in the evangelization of that Empire which is to lead in civilizing and making Christian the now dormant but mighty regions of the East.

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Aid for Armenia

An Appeal for Immediate Help

THE situation of the Armenian Christians is pitiable almost beyond expression. Leaving the political and international phases of the Eastern question out of view altogether, the entire world of humane people is urgently called upon for sympathy and assistance. This aid must be prompt to be of avail. Letters from the ravaged districts show that famine is following massacre. One letter just received from Van says: "All business and work of all kinds have been stopped for two months—which means starvation to hundreds. And, worst of all, there is no light ahead!" The misery in Harpoot, Bitlis, Erzeroum, and scores of the villages is intense, and increases as winter approaches. In this terrible need the Red Cross Society, the Armenian Relief Fund, the Evangelical Alliance, and the American Board are combining their efforts to direct the contributions of Americans into the most useful channels. So far the response has been in no way adequate to the pressing demand. As our readers know, the actual work of relief is to be undertaken by the National Red Cross Society. Miss Clara Barton, at a great meeting held last Saturday night in the First Congregational Church of Washington, announced her intention to wait no longer for the accumulation of funds, but to sail within two weeks for the scene of work. She will be accompanied, it is understood, by the financial secretary of the National Red Cross Society, Mr. George E. Pullman, by Dr. Hubbell, the general field agent, probably by Mr. Stephen E. Barton, the Second Vice-President, by Miss Bettina Hofker, Sister Superintendent of the New York Red Cross Hospital, and by several other assistants of trained ability and executive force. The collection of funds is in charge of the National Armenian Relief Fund, of which Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, is President. Branches of the Committee have been formed in many large cities, and the work of organization is being pushed rapidly forward. Information may be had from the headquarters at 45 William Street, New York. The Relief Fund Committee has already sent large sums of money and much clothing to Armenia, and reports of the distribution show that the facilities for the work are greater than many suppose. The Committee say: "If for any reason the National Red Cross should be prevented from accomplishing the work of relief through its own agency by the opposition of the Turkish Government, responsible existing agencies will be utilized, or new ones organized, so that all contributors may be assured that their gifts will as speedily as possible reach the sufferers for whom they were intended." Next week The Outlook will print an illustrated article on Miss Barton's personality and her connection with the Red Cross Society, and will present fully the claims of the cause upon the sympathy of the American people. Meanwhile we shall be glad to send forward any subscriptions which our readers may mail to The Outlook. The need is for instant financial aid. All sums sent by check payable to The Outlook Company will be forwarded with all possible dispatch. To begin the movement, The Outlook itself now subscribes the sum of $250.

The Turkish Legation gave out on Monday afternoon at Washington the following official communication: "The Imperial Government will not permit any distribution among its subjects, in its own territory, by any foreign society or individuals, however respectable the same may be (as for instance the Red Cross Society) of money collected abroad. Such interference no independent Government has ever allowed, especially when the collections are made on the strength of speeches delivered in public meetings by irreconcilable enemies of the Turkish race and religion, and on the basis of false accusation that Turkey repudiates. Besides, the Sublime Porte is mindful of the true interests of its subjects, and, distinguishing between the real state of things and the calumnies and wild exaggerations of interested or fanatical parties, will, as it has done heretofore, under its own legitimate control, alleviate the wants of all Turkish subjects, living in certain provinces, irrespective of creed or race." The reason for this extraordinary declaration is patent; if the Red Cross Society goes, with its agents, into the desolated region, the news about the desolation will assuredly come back to stir still further the already profoundly stirred hearts of Christians. But it is not true that the Porte either can or will adequately alleviate the suffering of the Armenians. A letter from Aintab, printed below, gives one illustration of the employment of American means to alleviate Armenian distress. This was both right and necessary. If in one case, why not in many? Nor is it true that such a distribution of benevolence is an interference such as no independent government can ever allow. No such case has ever before arisen, but benevolence by one nation to the citizens of another, suffering from whatever cause, is happily no longer uncommon. China did not resent such benevolence when her subjects were dying of famine. We are glad to see that the Red Cross Society is not discouraged, but proposes to go on with its work, and we trust that the pressure from Christian Powers for the admission of its ministering messengers will prove to be too strong to be resisted even by the Sultan.

The Aintab Atrocities

The following personal letter has been received from a medical missionary at Aintab, Turkey, on the border of the devastated districts. The writer, Dr. Caroline F. Hamilton, was a graduate of Smith College in the class of 1885, and was a worker at the College Settlement in this city before her departure for Turkey. Her calm statement of the scenes about her forms an effective appeal for aid in the general relief work of which we speak above.

Aintab, December 4-10, 1895.

For weeks before the outbreak here, there had been much alarm felt in the city. Troops were passing through constantly on their way to the north, and in the markets and streets insults were offered to Christians, goods were taken without payment, etc., till the people kept indoors as much as possible, and the schools were closed for a few days, but afterward were opened. Had we known of events outside we should have felt far more uneasy. Our first news came from Oorfa and Marash, both sacked, and then our turn came. The morning of November 16, on going to the hospital, the cook told me that there was trouble in the city, and the horror-stricken faces of the servants confirmed the word. One glance from the windows—for the hospital stands on a hill which overlooks nearly the whole city—was sufficient to show that there was cause for alarm. A great mob was surging through the streets, to a quarter so near that we could look down on the houses being plundered and torn to pieces—could watch the mob as it filled the streets and courtyards, and could hear the yells of the Kurds and the shrieks of terror from the poor defenseless people—while all the time the constant firing of the Kurds (for they are permitted to carry arms), with, underneath all, a hoarse roar like that of wild beasts, made up a frightful combination of sounds. The poor servants who had come a few hours before from their homes in that very section were entirely demoralized, and could do nothing but cry and wring their hands, for all had left little children.

Our gates were instantly closed and barred; no one admitted except a good Moslem neighbor whom we shall always regard as our guardian angel. He begged us to take refuge in his house, but there were patients too ill to be moved, and we, of course, could not leave. The servants could not work, so terrified were they; and we two women, the only Americans on the premises, settled down to dressing patients and waiting on them, giving comfort as we could to the frightened, sorrowful people about us. It was not till night that we learned how our neighbor had held a mob at bay till the soldiers arrived, thus saving us from being sacked, if not from worse things. All day long our chief work was to comfort patients and servants, and try to keep them away from the windows. No one could go home, and we found what accommodations were possible for them all. However, nobody could sleep, the least sound startling us all.

Sunday morning (November 17) a sight met our eyes that was far from reassuring. From all directions villagers were seen flocking in toward the city, and soon they had massed down near the old castle. At every spare moment I looked to see what was forthcoming—hearing again and again a great noise as this new mob were repulsed in their attempts to gain an entrance into the city. As we were at dinner, they made a move toward our end of the city, and after a half-hour they had passed the guards—who were forbidden to fire—and were rushing toward the houses close at hand. Never can I forget that sight. They were not men, but beasts, wild to get at their prey. The feeling of utter helplessness and the knowledge of what we were handed over to were awful. We called together all the people who were in our house and quietly told them to go with us to the hospital, thinking it would be easier to die together. To understand how we were shut off from other people, I might here explain that every house, or group of houses, is walled in, with one large door opening out into the street. Thus our house and the hospital are in one inclosure, the girls' seminary in another, while the boys' college and professors' house are some ten minutes distant from here.

We could not see what was taking place, and only wondered that we remained

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safe. After a couple of hours the good old Moslem neighbor came in with the first detachment of wounded. It was a sight to sicken the bravest heart, for most of the wounds were made with axes and large knives, and little children, women, and old men as well as the young and strong had been attacked as they fled.

Dr. S—— could not get over from the college, and our native physician was shut up in his house, so we two women went to work with our touring missionary, Mr. Sanders, and the nurses and even our house servants for assistants. It was a question where to begin, with a shattered leg, hands and arms nearly hewn off, heads fairly laid open, and a terrible abdominal wound all lying before us, besides over a dozen with minor injuries. By dark we had them all in beds, or in a room over our stables, cold and dreary, but comparatively safe.

It was another hard night. Our nurses, etc., had no news of the fate of their families, and could not go to inquire. We knew not whether the dreaded villagers were preparing for other attacks. All night long the northern sky was brilliant, and we knew some dreadful fate must have befallen our neighboring city, where we had dear friends. Not a sound could be heard from without, and the very silence seemed to forbode evil. If we had not had our work in those two days and nights, it would have been well-nigh intolerable.

No outbreak has occurred since November 17, save for an uprising a week from that date, which was promptly put down by the soldiers. Strong guards are all about us, and four soldiers are in the hospital—quiet men, who are very friendly.

The neighbor mentioned above has been as good as a father to us all. He and his brother, whose life was saved by a former American physician, were up night after night, afraid of some sudden raid. They secured provisions for the hospital and for us, even sitting in the bakery while the bread was being baked, for fear it would be carried away. They went for news for our people, protected the poor refugees as they went to recover what was left in their houses, and if any disturbance alarmed them when in other parts of the city, home they hurried to see that all was right here. Both the 16th and 17th they saved our premises and the Seminary.

November 19 those wounded three days before were brought in in squads by the soldiers, who had received orders to hunt them up in the stables and holes whither they had crawled. In two days over seventy were registered.

I never saw such a sight in my life. Covered with blood which had dried on head, hands, and clothing—weak from lack of food, from the loss of blood, and the pitiless cold—frightened so that several were wildly insane, one could not endure the sight except to go to work and try to make them more comfortable. Beds were soon full; others were glad to lie on mattresses on the floor; those half well camped down on any old cushions we could give them—some finding a lodging in our operating-room even—while some poor creatures lay on the floor in the clinic-room. The hospital has been feeding fifty-five people without one penny of income, while giving shelter, fuel, and occasional food to thirty more, who were driven from their homes. We are besieged every day by those who would gladly find shelter here, but we are so crowded now that we can scarcely turn. One poor woman saw her husband killed before her eyes by the villagers, and her house plundered of everything except two beds and two blankets. With four little children, no home, and no food, she is utterly heartbroken. Another woman, whose husband was so badly injured that his arm had to be amputated, said that this was the first winter since their marriage that they had been able to put in their wheat, charcoal, etc. She used to "pat the box" where these were stored, so glad was she at their prosperity. Now all is gone, and the wage-earner crippled for life. She, her old mother, and her sister have but one pair of old slippers between them.

These are only instances.

The churches and school buildings are filled with women and children, cold and hungry, the husbands and fathers in prison or dead. Efforts are being made to provide food and clothing, but industry is paralyzed, and only a few have means to help, and there are multitudes to be cared for. Scarcely a Christian shop but has been plundered, and there is no capital to begin with if confidence is restored. Houses are not only sacked, but even doors and window-sashes are carried away. With winter before us, it almost seems better had the utter annihilation of some other regions been the lot of these poor people, and not the hopeless poverty into which they are plunged—and yet that is a cruel thing to say. Except for the few wealthy ones, and the few who have assured salaries in our schools and families, all are plunged into destitution.

The Unity of Education

By Nicholas Murray Butler

Professor of Philosophy, Ethics, and Psychology in Columbia University

One of the most serious and far-reaching blunders of our organized educational systems is the tacit assumption that the several grades or stages of education are sharply marked off from each other by unseen but effective barriers. While there is neither psychological nor ethical warrant for this assumption and the evils that it has engendered, its existence and influence may be explained on historical grounds. Had an entire educational system, from kindergarten to university, sprung into existence at once, the mistake of cutting that system up into widely separated parts would probably never have been made. But it was not in that way that our existing educational organization came about; its various parts have developed gradually, and even now they are not properly and rationally articulated. First came what we call the secondary school, then the university (which was really what we now know as a college), then the elementary school, and, last of all, the university proper (which is not a college) and the kindergarten. The two extremes have been the last to come into existence. Each one of these kinds of institution, with the exception of the kindergarten, has been in the habit of "graduating" pupils—which is the fine way of saying that it has sent them out, "educated" or "finished," into the work of life. When it came to pass that the "graduate" or product of one of these schools desired to enter upon a higher course of study and instruction, he was—and usually still is—compelled to climb over a series of formal and artificial barriers to do so. So far has this process of differentiation gone that the various grades of institution are now very far apart in interest, sympathy, and knowledge, and the process of education, which ought to be a steady and gradual progression, is subdivided into three or four sorts and periods of training, the differences between which are first artificially created and then vigorously emphasized. I need only cite the ill-concealed contempt for scholarship and for college-trained men that many leaders in elementary school work constantly exhibit. On the other hand, ninety-five college teachers out of every hundred are profoundly ignorant of the problems and processes of the elementary school, and often of those of the secondary school as well. Happily, strong influences of an opposite tendency are at work, of which the most important is the National Educational Association, in whose ranks and among whose officers college presidents, school superintendents, and kindergarten teachers are to be found working side by side for the advancement of a cause that they believe to be a common one. In many Western States other and potent forces are operating in the same direction; but in the East the existing situation, while improving, is by no means so favorable.

Attempts have been made, especially in Germany, but also by some excessively formal writers on education in the United States, to construct what they call a pedagogical psychology, the essence of which consists in fixing a time for the first appearance of mental powers or so-called "faculties," and in outlining the proper methods of instruction for the development of each. If this procedure is sound, then a really kind-hearted schoolmaster would substitute the game of Twenty Questions for language lessons, chess for mathematics, and billiards for drawing and manual training; because amusement would be increased and training not diminished thereby. On such a theory as that, too, the secondary school could cut itself off from the elementary school, and the college could cut itself off from the secondary school, by urging that it existed to train a "faculty" or "faculties" not yet existent, or developed at the age of attendance upon the institution of less advanced grade. But, happily, the assumption that the powers of the mind are pulled out from their hiding-places in orderly succession, like the parts of a telescope, is utterly without scientific warrant. The mental powers that are before the kindergartner for training are just those that are before the university teacher; they are weak, undeveloped, uncertain, but still the same. Allowance being made for immaturity of function, the methods of the kindergarten and the methods of the university are the same. The antagonism set up so often between disciplinary methods, deemed appropriate for the school and college, and research methods, to be confined to the university, is a pure fiction. Research means finding things out; and all education is just that. It was Goethe who said that the object of education is to transform problems into postulates; and the method of discovery on the part of the pupil—called in its higher stages research—is the only possible method by which good teaching can effect the desired transformation.

The college fetich is no longer Greek, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams claimed, but formalism. To break through its shell and lead teachers in higher institutions to the heart of the educational process is difficult and tedious. The dogma of formal discipline, and the demoralizing notion that character is strengthened by trampling under foot genuine human interests in order that a meaningless and distasteful gymnastic may be gone through with, are keeping hundreds of intelligent young men and young women out of the high schools and colleges to-day; and the same forces, where unchecked and unchallenged, are crushing the life out of elementary school work. Interest reaches deep down into the springs of will-action, and is

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the teacher's most potent ally in forming lofty and permanent ideals for the guidance of the pupil. The simple and beautiful exercises of the kindergarten and the individual methods of classification and instruction that prevail in the universities are the highest types of genuine teaching. The influence of the kindergarten is reaching up into the elementary school, and that of the university is filtering down through the college; eventually they will leaven the whole lump. It will then come to pass that courses of study and methods of teaching will exist for the sake of the pupils, and not the reverse—as is now too often the case.

The greatest obstacle to better and more rational teaching is the teachers themselves. Untrained, as a rule, in educational thinking, and uninspired by any high aims, whether in school or in college they think first of their personal ease and comfort, and cling with passionate ignorance to that which is usual and familiar. Students of education and leaders of educational reform are almost invariably recruited from the ranks of the teachers; but the appeal of these students and leaders is over the heads of the vast body of their associates, to enlightened public opinion. President Draper stated frankly, at the Cleveland meeting of the Department of Superintendence in February last, that the administrative reforms in which he is mainly interested can be achieved only against the opposition of the teachers. Within a few weeks his prediction was fulfilled and illustrated in the shameful exhibition of the ring-led teachers of New York in opposition to the vital reforms proposed for the school system of that city, and indorsed by every educational authority who could be consulted.

Public opinion, and public opinion alone, can reach and influence the faculties of colleges and schools and the teaching force of the public-school system. Precedent, and not reason, is what they prefer to follow. Public opinion, seizing the essential unity of education and aware of the immense intellectual and moral interests at stake, can compel them to dethrone precedent for reason.

A Business Meeting

By Mary C. Baird

We had been in charge of the Friday Evening Boys' Club of Altruria for some weeks, and had succeeded, by means of games, books, and singing, in getting the members somewhat under control. But even bootblacks and newsboys of tender years can become bored, and we found that a change of programme would be advisable.

The meetings had at first been excellent. The boys were so angelic that we really began to think they were too good to do much for. That illusion was shattered and blown away in a short time, however, and we found it necessary to be always on the *qui vive* if we did not mean to let them get far ahead of us. So we announced one night that a business meeting for the election of officers would be held the following week, at which time the future work of the Club would be discussed and acted upon.

The boys were all present on the appointed evening. We found them all crowded in a corner in the back room, laying plans for securing the President's office, and offering bribes for votes—politicians in embryo! We got them quiet, and seated in something like a circle, and began explaining the ordinary modes of procedure. We cannot say that they all listened. However, the nomination of a chairman held them to the subject in hand, and Stacey received the honor with a dignity befitting his high office. We impressed upon him the importance of keeping order, and he (the worst little rascal of them all!) proceeded to threaten, and frequently to pound the heads of, those who scoffed at his authority.

Then the nominations for the different offices were in order. Instantly all were on their feet, some shouting the names of popular favorites, others unblushingly suggesting themselves. Such a clatter of tongues! We finally got them down, and succeeded in obtaining the floor for one boy. He, unused to such distinction, became flustered, and stammered forth: "I 'ominate, I 'ominate—" finally —"Carmichael." The other nominee was Driscoll. Carmichael won by dint of coaxing, such as, "You know me, Jimmy," and "Don't go back on Carmichael, Sullivan," or, in sterner tones, "Ef you don't vote for me, Larry Connor, just wait till I get yer outside to-night!" In most cases this was very effective, though it is probable that a few scores were settled in the street that night by the new President. For Vice-President, "Gunboat Harris" was elected, and for Secretary, Willie Walsh. The latter was a full-fledged cherub, a recording angel, as it were.

When the question arose as to whether the Club should continue to meet for the purpose of playing games and reading, or whether the boys should attempt some sort of work, we told the President to lay it before the meeting, that some action in regard to it might be taken. Carmichael jumped to his feet, shouting, "Carving, wood-carving!" and the Club rose as one man and joined in the cry. Finally it was regularly carried that wood-carving should be adopted as a means of using at least a part of every evening.

Johnson arose to inquire in all seriousness whether the chairman looked after the chairs! At this point Willie Overmann retired, weeping, because, forsooth, he had been elected to no high office. Stacey also declared his intention of resigning for the same reason. But Carmichael kept order on the whole, though in a fashion like this: "You Moran, I'll crack yer skull ef yer don't sit down." "Hi there, Gilligan, keep still, and stop jawin'." We were also obliged to observe that the Vice-President should learn to be polite before he did anything else. Harris looked quite disconcerted, for all the boys were eying him, and he didn't relish his position just then. Looking around, he caught a glimpse of the President, whose thumb at that moment happened to be in his mouth. "What yer chewin' yer fingers for, anyhow?" growled the Vice-President, and it was amusing to see his relief on having thus adroitly distracted the public gaze from his own shortcomings.

The evening passed quickly, and as the boys filed out, beaming with satisfaction, and proud in being a regularly organized club, we dared to hope that a step had been taken towards inaugurating an era of law and order, consideration and kindness.

Between Night and Day

Forever waking from a happy sleep;
Not startled by straight summons from our rest,
But gently roused, by tender sounds addressed—
Sounds dimly clear, fading in silent deep.
Forever waking, while sweet visions sweep
With languid grace across our thoughts—gay jest,
Forgotten poem, wizard dreams; too blest
At coming joys and pains to smile or weep.
Oh! to be ever thus, while each delight
Of the long day gleams brighter for the haze
Of eyelids still half sealed, and golden rays
Of glory fall athwart the somber lines
Of duty: lingering between the night
And day, where Fancy rears her fairest shrines.

—*Professor Edward T. McLaughlin.*

Hasten slowly, and, without losing heart, put your work twenty times upon the anvil.—*Boileau.*

The true boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale, our guardian angel quits his charge of us.—*Feltham.*

The man of large faith is the man of great inspiration, and, naturally, the man of large life; for faith is not in itself an end, but a means to an end, which is the enlargement of life in all noble and beautiful qualities.—*E. Sloan.*

While a healthy body helps to make a healthy soul, the reverse is yet more true. Mind lifts up, purifies, sustains the body. Mental and moral activity keeps the body healthy, strong, and young, preserves from decay, and renews life.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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How We Saw the Tastoanes

By Frederick Starr

Assistant Professor of Anthropology in the University of Chicago

Our first knowledge regarding the *Tastoanes* came from a brief reference in a local guide-book. It appears that from time beyond memory the people at Mesquitan have annually performed a little dramatic performance which presents a quaint mixture of pagan and Christian ideas and contains a strange mingling of Spanish and Indian words. This mongrel performance takes place on St. James's Day. Accordingly, as the day of Santiago drew near, we hied us to Guadalajara, of which fine city Mesquitan forms a part, to see the celebration. But we found that last year some disturbance had grown out of the *fiesta*, so that now it is suppressed by law.

Of course it was vexatious to have traveled so far for naught. So we made efforts to see the drama anyway. Our first visit was to the Jefetura. A new *Jefe Politico* rules at Guadalajara; he is a liberal of the liberals, a man of energy and force. He is a not unhandsome man, slender, active, with a kindly face, abundantly supplied with ruddy whiskers. He listened to our story politely; he told us that the celebration was often the occasion of disorders, that it had been prohibited by a special act, that on the whole its suppression was best. We urged our long journey, our interest in the old custom, the value of such curious and ancient survivals; might it not be possible, for one day, in some private corral, if not on the usual ground, to have a performance? The Jefe considered for a moment. Perhaps—yes; it *might* take place; but *not* in the usual place, nor in the street, nor in a private corral; the churchyard was the place for it; there, and there only, should it be held; let the Indian who was to take charge apply for a license and it would be given.

The government license was one thing, priestly permission was another. For our Indians would do naught unless the Padre approved. The little church at Mesquitan is only a *dependencia* of the Capilla of Jesus. So we applied to the Cura of the latter, who replied that *he* had no authority—that the Archbishop should settle the question. Our labors by this time were attracting attention; an editorial appeared in "El Mercurio." The writer claimed that the Tastoanes were an interesting monument of antiquity; that they ought never to have been suppressed; that the Government's duty was so to police and guard village festivals that disorders should not occur; he trusted that the foreign guest might not be disappointed in his journey. Our proposed visit to the Archbishop was also known. At breakfast an American lady suggested that she had been told that it might be a good thing if one or two ladies accompanied me to see his Grace; that feminine influence might have its weight. The result was that at the appointed time five ladies and myself moved on to the Palace. The Archbishop met us with suitable dignity.

Poor old man! Apparently much past eighty, he is very decrepit and frail; his face is thin and his cheeks are deeply sunken; his deep-set eyes, however, can glow and gleam in spite of age; color and features suggest that he is largely of Indian blood; there is a difficulty in his speech, which becomes particularly noticeable in anger or excitement. We began with some general remarks—among them, unfortunately, the observation that we were interested in the indigenes. "*Indigenes! indigenes! no hay indigenes aqui.*" There are plenty of indigenes in Michsacan and in Oaxaca, but none here in Jalisco! We then spoke of the Tastoanes, of our interest in them, of our disappointment at not seeing them. So far, good: we had a sympathetic hearer. But when we spoke of the governmental permission, the old man became more than interested. Clenching his fists, with his brows knit and his eyes flashing, with his whole frame trembling, he cried out, in a voice choking with emotion and at times almost inarticulate, "I have nothing to say in the matter! absolutely nothing. The government has all power. It can put it where it will. But it *must not* be near the church door. That I will never, never permit!" This the old man repeated over and over again; we could not put in a word of any sort. Nor could we find out at all what construction he placed upon the words "near the church door." Our women companions, except the interpreter, were terrified at the Archbishop's energy and excitement, and would willingly have fled. When we *did* leave we felt that even feminine influence had not greatly advanced our cause.

Pass over our further efforts. The Indians, the Padrecito of the little church, the kind and active teacher of the girls' school at Mesquitan, the editor, the Jefe's brother, and the Jefe himself, all figured in them. But at last, after a week of waiting and working, we held a written permit from the government to hold our celebration for one day in a large corral owned by an Indian. Not one day in all that week of work and waiting was rainy; but on the day of our fiesta rain and hail came in torrents just after we got the men to working at the preparations, and the whole afternoon was dark, with showers at intervals. First the men put up "the throne." This was a curious structure made of poles and posts; ropes were used to tie the timbers together, and not a nail appeared. When finished, four uprights planted in the ground supported a series of cross horizontal poles, serving as a wide ladder leading up to a rude seat at top. This, composed of three poles lashed side by side, was roomy enough for six or seven persons to sit upon at one time.

The throne finished, dressing began. The dramatis personæ comprised Santiago or St. James, three kings, one queen, two Moors, two captains, and eight Tastoanes. Santiago was not masked; dressed in jacket and knee-trousers of pink and purple satin, he wore a broad-brimmed cavalier's hat with a plume of white feathers on his head, white stockings on his shapely legs, and a pair of cast-off gaiters on his feet. The three kings are an outgrowth of the *magi*, and are supposed to represent three types of mankind—the white, the negro, and the Mexican. They were masked with reference to this idea, and were dressed in tawdry finery. The queen was a nondescript. The part was taken by the tallest man in the company; in quite regal fashion she loomed high up above the kings. Dressed in a black and blue silk gown, she wore a mask absolutely expressionless. The Moors and captains were gayly dressed. The former had great black turbans with brilliant plumes rising straight into the air; the latter had little red satin caps; both wore black veils hanging down over the face and behind the head. But it was among the Tastoanes that dress reached its most curious development. Their scarlet trousers reached downward to the knees, and were slit up the leg on the outer side; their jackets were cast-off black coats, gaudy with gilt braid and brass buttons. Over their faces they wore curious masks of leather strangely painted; these masks represented deformed, almost animal-like, faces, with enormously developed noses, great swelled lower lips, warty and knobby cheeks and foreheads. From these masks, streaming back over the heads and hanging down the backs, hung great wigs made of cow-tails fastened together. These Tastoanes were funny-looking fellows, and through the whole play acted the part of clowns.

As a prelude to the performance, St. James rode up and down brandishing his sword of steel and fighting with the Tastoanes, who were armed with blades of wood. When the play really began, Santiago disappeared for a time from the scene. Producing an ancient record, the kings read to the Tastoanes a description of certain lands. They listened attentively to the reading, emphasizing and punctuating it with remarks of their own. One of the Tastoanes was used as a table, the record being spread out upon his bent back. A stick of wood was used as a pointer in the reading and as a pen for signing the document after it was read. Each of the royal personages signed the document, and then sanded it with a pinch of earth. In the writing and sanding more or less coarse joking took place. This reading and signing was repeated in each corner and in the middle of the field. The whole crowd then proceeded to mount the throne, royalty taking the upper bench and the clowns the lower steps. After considerable discussion, one of these last went off as a champion to seek adventure. Him St. James met on foot, and sadly whipped with switches,

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sending him home moaning and wailing. His royal patrons received him with kindly sympathy; they and their court listened to his tale of woe, and gold was given him as a panacea for his sufferings. The whole company was thrown into a panic by his report. At length, however, one was found who volunteered to go forth to combat. He went forth with funny bombast and much self-glorying. This time, when St. James appeared with his switches, he was caught in a tight embrace and held while his switch-tops were broken off. These were then carried back by the champion in triumph. His greeting was a genuine ovation. It was plain, however, that every one of the doughty knights now felt himself equal to the task of meeting the stranger champion. One, volunteering, set out with much show, but was caught, terribly beaten, and sent home in disgrace.

The company now appeared to feel that the case was a serious one; all together they sallied forth. St. James was captured and dragged to the throne; ordered before the kings, he was brought up to the top of the rickety structure. There he was asked his antecedents, his quality, and his faith. Buffeted and abused by the bystanders, he tried to escape, but was overcome, dragged down, and killed—his throat being cut with a sword. His corpse was flayed like that of a beast, his limbs were broken at the joints, the body was dragged away and left exposed. The victors, all gathered upon the throne, gave way to unbridled and uproarious joy. Suddenly the Saint came to life. With sword of steel he rushed upon the merry roisterers; panic-stricken, the pagans dropped from their seats; challenged to combat, one after another of these went against him. Now mounted on his horse, the Saint was victorious in every encounter. Knight after knight, reduced, became Santiago's vassal. In time only the kings and queen were left. To their disrelish, they were compelled to fight. And first the white king advanced and was conquered.

In five minutes more the play would have ended. The other royal personages would have been reduced to vassalage. But a little before, and just as the Saint was conquering one of the last of the knights, as he was charging down the field, one of the many spectators, a little Indian lad, ran before his horse. The child was trodden down, the heavy hoof crushed the leg, the bone was broken, and the little one lay helpless. He was carried to one side and help was summoned. The play went on; but just as the first king was conquered an officer appeared; the Indian was placed under arrest and marched away; the audience hastily dispersed. Giving a few hurried directions, we started for the station to see what was done with man and boy.

A little, cheerless room! Two flickering, unshaded lamps hardly dispelled the darkness; two or three officers in uniform sat at a table or stood at the door watching the pouring rain outside. On the floor, with back against the wall, silent and expressionless, sat our poor Santiago. The little sufferer lay, without a groan, upon the floor; about him, with heads bowed on their knees, were seated his father, mother, and older brother. All were waiting for the coming of the physician and the *Secretario*. At last they came. The doctor, a young man, examined the leg carelessly, and agreed with us, when we showed him, that it was badly broken. He declared that he could do nothing for it, as he had no apparatus present. In vain we suggested a handkerchief and a splint of board. He said the matter would be attended to at the hospital. At this the little lad, who before had hardly groaned, set up a wail; thereupon the whole family broke out weeping, and begged—in vain—that the child might be cared for at home, or, at least, that the mother might go with him. Meantime the *Secretario* took down the statements of Santiago, of the officer, of the boy, of ourselves. Then the fiat went forth—the boy to the hospital and Santiago to the Central Station. The mother plucked up courage to ask us, in great distress, whether the boy's father (her husband) would be sent to jail!! A stretcher was got ready and the little lad laid in it. As he was about to leave, I patted his soft brown cheek and told him I was sorry he was hurt. In the daintiest fashion he took my hand in his and said, earnestly, "*Muchas gracias, Señor*" (Many thanks, sir).

The Way and the Guide

The way I knew not Thou hast led, and oft
It seemed a darksome way and hard to tread,
And leading downward rather than aloft
Appeared the way by which the Father led.

But yet I followed, knowing not the way,
Though still assured, because the Guide I knew,
And waiting till the radiance of the day
Should break, illumed with heaven-painted hue.

And, lo! the glowing morn has burst at last,
More brilliant e'en than hope could paint its life.
That light is clearest which leaves darkness past,
That peace most peaceful which is born of strife.

—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Christianity and Democracy

A Sermon by Lyman Abbott[1]

And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.—Luke iv., 17, 18.

These words are to be taken primarily in their superficial and literal sense. They were so understood by the Jews at the time. This was part of their Messianic expectation. Jesus Christ has come into the world to preach glad tidings to poor people—to those who are cold and hungry and houseless. He has come to tell them of a better time and to provide for it. He has come to preach release to the captives, to put his hand on the manacles and break them asunder and set the oppressed of the earth free, and he has done it. He has come to recover sight to the blind. He did it while he was living. Since his death institutions for the blind have been established wherever the Cross has gone, and, if the eyes have not literally been opened, means have been provided by which something like a substitute for sight could be furnished. He has come to set at liberty them that are bruised, to heal the broken-hearted, those that are in despondency, in discouragement, in despair, to lift them up, to set them free; this is a part of his ministry. It is true that in these words there is a deeper meaning. It is true that Christ dealt with man, not merely as a terrestrial being, but as a moral and spiritual being; that he sets him free, not merely from chains, but from slavery to his own appetites; that he brings glad tidings to him in his spiritual poverty as well as in his earthly poverty; that he opens the spiritual and the intellectual as well as the physical vision; but he does the first. That is part of his ministry in the world. To tell the poor and the shelterless that there is a good time for them, and show them how to get it; to open the eyes of the blind and give them a vision which before they lacked; to establish schools and broaden intelligence; to comfort those that mourn; to relieve those that are in slavery—this is his mission. This message, then, is primarily a humanitarian message, a message which concerns itself with the well-being of men. And of all men, not merely with that of a class. This is clear from the prophecy of Isaiah from which Christ quotes. For in that chapter the coming of the Messiah is treated as the coming of spring. Not one particular garden-spot on the earth—the whole earth is to bud and blossom and bring forth fruit; the whole globe is to know the glow and the glory of a universal redemption. This is clear from Christ's preaching here; for when the people in the synagogue wondered at his words of grace, you remember how he told them that this glory was not merely for the Jews, but for the pagans as well. And when he had illustrated this by stories out of their own history, they rose in wrath and would have mobbed him, because in that age the Jews hated the Christians a little more than Christians hate the Jews to-day. And that is saying a great deal.

[1] Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, November 17, 1895. Reported by Henry Winans and revised by the author. The first sermon in this course, "Christ and the Social Order," will be found in The Outlook for January 4 last.

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This, then, is a message of universal humanity. Christ has come into the world to promote human welfare; and to promote it by diffusing blessing among all men. He has come into the world to inaugurate democracy—what Mr. Beecher called "the reign of the common people." Not merely their larger political power—though that—but a greater diffusion also of intelligence, of religious life, and of the comforts of wealth. He has come to diffuse among all the peoples of the earth blessings which under pagan peoples were confined to particular classes. Let me ask you to trace rapidly the history of Christianity, and in that history see its relation to democracy as there defined.

When Christ came into the world, all political power was concentrated in the hands of one man. Cæsar was absolute master of the Roman world. Religion did not even pretend to serve humanity. Its object was to serve a class. The function of the pagan religion was not to make men wiser or happier or better; it was either to placate angry gods or to buy the favoritism of powerful gods. Education was confined to the few. Outside of Palestine there were absolutely no schools for the common people, and in Palestine only such as were connected with the synagogues. Wealth was confined to the few. Nearly half the people of Rome were slaves. They were themselves property. A very large part of the wealth of Rome was thus in human beings. Another large proportion of wealth was in what men call luxuries, in things which enervate and destroy the intellectual and the spiritual nature. And, apart from that, there were but few ways in which a man who had wealth could use it for the public benefit. There were no banks, no credit system, no railroads, no commercial corporations, no great productive industries in which one could invest his money. He bought fine garments and put them into the closet. He dug a hole in the ground and buried his coin.

At this time there came One into the world who claimed to be the world's Messiah. He came in at the bottom of society, not at the top. He was known as the Son of a carpenter. He was brought up in a peasant surrounding. He appointed peasants to be his ministers. His main ministry was to peasants. He set against himself the hierarchy of his native land, its wealth, its culture. In the great battle of his own time he stood with and for the common people, and his message was a message of universal brotherhood. His message to all men everywhere was: "You are all sons of God; you poor, you ignorant, you despised, you outcast, you freedmen, you slaves—you are all sons of God; you are immortal; you have an eternal nature; you are yourself linked to the Almighty; you are grander than the Emperor." This was the message which the ministers of Jesus Christ took with them as they traveled through the Roman Empire, as they spake to men who never thought they had a future before them. They gathered their congregations from the slaves and from the freedmen. The history of Christianity in the first four centuries is the history of a great uprising of the common people. It was said, as matter of derision and scoffing against the Christians, that their congregations were of this kind. Paul frankly accepted it. "Not many rich, not many wise, not many noble according to the flesh, are called, but the poor, the outcast, they that are as though they were not." Hope and aspiration were kindled in their hearts, and revolution followed. It was not the Emperor who was first converted—it was first the common people, and then, because of the common people, finally the Emperor.

Out of this revolution there grew a Church, which, whatever you may think of it to-day, in that time was certainly democratic. Compared with the democracy of America the Roman Catholic Church appears to us, indeed, oligarchic and aristocratic, but compared with the institutions of the time out of which it grew it had all the essential qualities of a democracy. In the first place, the highest offices in the Church were open to the commonest people. The poorest peasant in Europe might become priest, bishop, archbishop, or pope, and did become pope. When, in the beginning of the eighth century, Pope Leo III. crowned Charlemagne Emperor of Europe, it was democracy crowning imperialism. The power of this Church rested on that which is the power of democracy—public opinion. This Church had no soldiers of its own, no squadrons, no armies such as would enable it to compete with the armies of other lands; it ruled them by the public opinion of its own people. When King John in England trembled before the fulminated decree of the Pope, it was not because he feared the handful of soldiers which the Pope controlled, but because he feared the public sentiment of the English people who were with the Pope. When the Emperor of Germany stood barefooted before the bar of Hildebrand, making his submission and praying for forgiveness, it was because the public opinion of Germany reinforced the haughty aristocrat of the Vatican. And, as compared with ancient Rome, this Church was democratic in the service which it rendered to the people. Imperial Rome never established schools. Ecclesiastical Rome did. Imperial Rome had never provided for the wants of the common people, except under fear of revolution. Ecclesiastical Rome did. In the service of the people, in the power which it exercised, and in the openness of its offices to the commonest of the common, ecclesiastical Rome was, as compared with anything which had before existed on the face of the globe, essentially a democracy. It was the beginning of the reign of the common people. And wherever it went it sowed the seeds of a future democracy. The Benedictine Monks established schools, out of which have grown the public-school systems of Germany, England, and America. The Franciscan Friars, landing in England, began a ministry among the poorest of the slums of cities that were far worse in their slums than any in our time, and out of their seed-sowing grew the elements of life in the cities of England that made those cities afterwards centers of Puritanism and of Wesleyanism. Like all organized and institutional movements, the time came when the organization was too great for the life that was within it; and Rome, which had become democratic, lived to see Europe far more democratic than itself. Then the life that it had itself germinated burst forth anew, despite itself, and the Reformation was another uprising of the people. It was the nation of Germany with the fire of liberty in her heart, against southern Italy with the old imperialism still there. It was the common peasant of the North of Europe against the aristocratic noble of the South of Europe. It was Luther in his poverty against Leo X. in his luxury and his wealth. Every subsequent movement in the Church of Christ has been akin to that. Puritanism was another uprising of the common people; Wesleyanism, another. We need not go on. Time forbids.

It is enough to note that these popular movements inevitably grew out of Christianity. You cannot make men believe that they are sons of God and keep them in slavery; you cannot make them believe that they are immortal and keep them upon the ground with the feet of despotism on their neck; you cannot open the eyes of their mind that they may read and keep them in dungeons. The South was wise, if it meant to maintain slavery, in making it a penal offense to teach the slave to read. An intelligent slave does not long stay a slave.

As a result of Christianity, religion itself has become democratic. It is no longer the religion of a hierarchy or a priesthood; its object is no longer to appease the wrath of an angry God, or to bribe the favors of a favorite God; its purpose is to set the face of humanity toward the future, and to teach, to preach, to inspire a larger, nobler, diviner human life in man. It is true that we ministers do not always understand this. It is true that there is still some paganism in our blood. "Scratch a Russian," said Napoleon, "and you will find a Cossack." Scratch a Christian, I say, and you will find a pagan. We are all half-pagans, and the ministers are still but imperfectly emancipated. But the whole tendency of religious life, from the days of Christ down to the present time, has been to revolutionize religion from the old conception of a sacrifice to appease the wrath of an angry God, or win his favor, to the conception of a ministry of God, through man, for the upbuilding, the elevation, the redemption of humanity. Look at it! The Reformation was followed by polit-

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ical revolution. Wherever this Bible was opened and men could read it, there went along with it the overthrow of the aristocracy and the substitution of the reign of the common people. The old saying was that the majority of men were born into the world saddled and bridled to be ridden, and the few were born booted and spurred to ride. That is no longer recognized as true in democratic America, or in democratic England, or in democratic France, or in Germany, or even in Italy; only in Spain and in Russia. With this broadening out of political power, the scepter passing from the hands of the few to the hands of the many, the divine right of kings abolished, and the divine right of the people taking its place, there has come a broader education. Are we wiser than our fathers? You will not find in any university to-day a profounder thinker than Plato. It will not be claimed that the modern playwright surpasses Shakespeare. And the writers of our newspaper poetry are hardly equal to Milton or Dante. But Plato had his little band of scholars around him in a garden; to-day the philosophy of Plato is taught in a hundred universities and colleges. There were but a few that could understand Shakespeare, and they but imperfectly; to-day Shakespeare is to be found alongside the Bible in every family. There are thousands to-day that enjoy him where there was one that enjoyed him in his lifetime. The public press has made education universal; not profounder, but broader. The Reformation was also a renaissance. The new learning and the new theology went together; the new education and the new religion. For man is one, and you cannot stir the immortal spirit in him without evolving a new learning and a new science and a new liberty and a new life in every part.

And wealth also is more diffused. I have read "Progress and Poverty," but I have also read the pictures of the condition of the workingmen in the seventeenth century, and I have been in the houses of the workingmen of the nineteenth century. There never was a time in the history of the world when wealth was as widely diffused as it is to-day, when there was as much opportunity, as much largeness of life. I know that Mr. Vanderbilt is said to possess two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. What does he do with it? He does not dig a hole and bury it in the ground. He does not spend it in clothes which moth and rust corrupt, nor hide it where thieves break through and steal. He builds railroads, and he is not the only man who rides on them. What does two hundred and fifty million dollars in the hands of Cornelius Vanderbilt mean? It means this: one man administering the highways of the nation, of which the nation takes the benefit. He rides in his private car, and I in a common car; but we get to the journey's end at the same time. The fastest train on the continent is one not all of Pullman cars—the train that runs from New York to Buffalo. It is a fair question whether the Nation should allow its highways to pass into the control of private men at any price. It is a fair question whether the Nation does not pay too much to the men who administer its highways. These questions I pass by to-night. What I want you to see to-night is this: that railroad wealth and mining wealth and manufacturing wealth are diffused wealth. No man can run a cotton-mill or a woolen-mill and make money out of it without helping a thousand men. Society has been revolutionized in this respect, and there is no honest way by which a man can acquire wealth for himself without conferring it on his neighbor. He may be grasping, corrupt, avaricious, unjust, but he cannot well acquire wealth for himself without conferring it on his poorer neighbor. He must whether he will or not. Some people serve God because they like to, and some people serve him because they cannot help it.

If you have followed me in this rapid survey—perhaps too rapid to be efficacious—I hope you have seen that the tendency and effect of Christianity has been diffusion. It has not been to increase political power. Our great empire is not, I believe, quite so large as that of Rome. It is the diffusion of political power. It is not greater intelligence. It is the diffusion of intelligence. It is not greater wealth. It is comfort more widely diffused. It is not more money put into cathedrals. It is more money put into the service of humanity; for religion is not merely bowing down before and offering incense to a God to placate him or to bribe him: it is doing his work of love in the world.

Have we reached the end? Is there anything more? Is power diffused as much as it is to be diffused? religion as widespread as it is to be? Is there to be no extension of this process? I think there is. And while I am not here to-night to discuss details, and if I refer to them it is by way of illustration, and you may say that I am mistaken in these details without in the least affecting the line of my argument, I believe the progress toward democracy thus far made is the promise of a democracy still further to be carried on.

In the first place, then, I believe that Christianity is to bring a wider diffusion of religious life. It is doing this already. The means of grace, as the theologians of England called them, are no longer what they were in the times of the theologians of England. The pulpit, the catechism, the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, these are means of grace, but they are by no means the only ones. You can hardly take up any reputable magazine and not find some diffusion of Christian sentiment in it. You can hardly take up a daily paper and not find, along with some diffusion of the devil's message, some diffusion of Christ's message also. There are, in a thousand ways, ministries to a higher and nobler religious life outside of the religious sanctuary. The tendency, too, within the Church is democratic. It is toward breaking down the line between the clergy and the laity and the increase of the power of the laity. Their power has increased in the Methodist Church, in the Episcopal Church, in the Presbyterian Church; yes, and in the Roman Catholic Church. It is true that in the great Roman Catholic conference the laity are, I believe, not yet officially represented; and yet, when, in democratic America, the laity of America said to themselves, and began to say to one another, "We have a right to send our children to the public school," and some priests or bishops said, "You shall not; if you do, you shall be anathema," the Pope of Rome, one of the great statesmen of our age, sent Satolli across the water to say to the Roman Catholic Church that the father and the mother have a right to send their child to the public school, and the right shall be respected. In all our churches there is to be a larger liberty; for liberty and life are one, and the public discussion of religious questions is to go on more and more in the Church of Christ. For the time has gone by—thank God it has gone by, for the American people, at all events—when a Westminster Assembly can determine what the people in the church shall believe. The American Christians are going to do their own thinking, and they are going to do their own thinking more and more, because life is religion and religion is life. It is not religion to take a creed that has been wrought for you and put it on you as you would a ready-made suit of clothes. It is religion to wrestle with the great problems of religious life and find your own way to God's own truth.

Similarly, there is coming to be, more and more, a wider diffusion of political power. We have gotten rid of the king and of the aristocracy; of the lord and the nobility; and we are going to get rid of the boss and the machine. They are essentially undemocratic. They are simply a new form of the concentration of political power in the hands of a few. We shall find our way to a primary that will represent, not the slate-makers, but the people. We have a good deal of work to do yet, but we are working in the right direction. We have a ballot that makes corruption harder than it used to be; a ballot that puzzles the traders and the purchasers of votes. If a few citizens want to insure a good nomination, they still have to become independents and put up an independent ticket, and then leave the rest to vote between fairly good candidates that have been forced upon our parties in spite of the machine. But it will not always be so, and the time will come, and it is not far distant, when the sources of political power, the nominating conventions, themselves will be really and truly, as they are in pretense to-day, in the hands of the common people.

We are coming to a greater diffusion of intelligence.

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Our public-school system I cannot think, in spite of croakers, is in any danger. The American people never will suffer it to be taken away. Do you consider what an enormous extension of it has taken place within the last quarter-century? Do you consider that a quarter of a century ago, or a little more than that, there was not a free school in any State south of Mason and Dixon's line, and now there is not any State south of Mason and Dixon's line in which there is not a free school? Do you consider that a little over a quarter of a century ago it was forbidden to teach the negro to read, and that now in every Southern State school buildings are erected out of the public funds, and school-teachers are paid out of the public funds, who are carrying on the education of the negro race? Do you consider what development of public education has been made in that one direction? Do you consider, again, what development of public education has been made in opening the higher institutions to women? Do you remember that it is less than one hundred years ago when the progressive city of Boston, Athens of America, center and source of life, voted that the girls might have the use of the high school when the boys did not want it? We are going to have colleges as highly endowed for our girls as for our boys; we put Vassar and Wellesley and Smith and Bryn Mawr alongside of Harvard and Yale and Princeton. Do you consider, too, what other broadening of instruction is promised in the near future? In the last century Pestalozzi was teaching what education should be. In the first half of this century Froebel was sowing the seeds of the future kindergarten. Democracy demands such enlargement of our educational system that the little children will have a chance to grow naturally, under wise guidance, in our public-school systems, into a higher and better education. I hear much said about the higher education. Yes, we want it, but we want much more—a broader education. We want education of the hand and of the eye, not merely of the brain. We want education the issue of which shall be a whole manhood, the object of which shall be life, not merely the so-called learned professions. It is easier to find a learned minister to make a sermon than a learned upholsterer to make a chair. It is easier to find a skilled surgeon to mend a broken bone than a skilled plumber to mend a broken pipe. And we will come, and we ought to come (and it is in this direction that the reforms of the future lie), to a system of education which will not have its eye on the four learned professions—law, ministry, medicine, and teaching—but which will provide with equal fidelity, largeness, and generosity for the hand-workers and the eye-workers of America.

And, although some of you may think it heretical, I think all the history of the past points to a larger diffusion of wealth. It is not enough that America has grown in wealth with an unparalleled growth; what we want is that Americans should grow in wealth. Not the Nation, but the men; not the aggregate, but the individuals. If Adam was created six thousand years ago, if he had lived until this time, and if he had succeeded in laying up one hundred dollars a day for every working day of the six thousand years of his life, but had to tie it up in a stocking and could not get interest on it, he would not have made as much money in six thousand years as the elder Cornelius Vanderbilt is credited with having made in a lifetime. Jay Gould started in life with a mouse-trap. At the end of twenty-five years he unrolled certificates to the amount of one hundred millions of dollars. He made four millions of dollars, on the average, each year. And the statistics tell us that the average wage of unskilled labor in this country is less than four hundred dollars per year. It is not necessary that I should be exact in my statistics. The disparity is great. Christianity does not mean an equality of condition; it does not mean an equality of wealth; but it does mean a greater equalization of condition and a greater equalization of wealth. It does mean a broader public education; not that every man shall start alike, that every child shall start with such equipment as will give him a fair chance in the competition of life. It does not mean any crude, raw legislation restricting the amount of money which a man shall make by honest industry; honest industry must be left free to make what it can; but it may mean more restriction on industry that is not altogether honest. Christianity means the diffusion of virtue, the diffusion of political power, the diffusion of education, the diffusion of wealth.

Did you ever consider what is the cause of hard times? Did you ever hear a man tell you it is over-production without laughing in his face? Over-production! Too many shoes—therefore men go barefoot. Too much coal—therefore we freeze. Too many houses—therefore men are shelterless. Too much woolen goods—therefore men are unclothed. What a *non sequitur!* It is not over-production, it is under-demand. Take an Irish village, with one wealthy family possessing a million dollars, and a peasant population with no money at all, and you have one family that wants shoes and all the rest shoeless. What has the shoemaker to do? Take a New England village in which every family has adequate means of livelihood, and the shoemaker is busy all the day long. When every woman in America can have as many silk dresses as she wants, silk-mills will not have to stand idle. No! diffusion of wealth gives diffusion of industry. The more wealth is diffused, the more prosperous the nation.

The message of Christianity is not for kings or priests, for aristocrats or plutocrats, but for men. I cannot think that Dr. Herron is right, that it has one message for men of wealth and another message for men of poverty. It has one message for men, and its message is this: You are all brethren, and there is one Father over all, and by love ye are bound together. You are to serve one another. You are not to stand on your neighbor's shoulders that you may climb higher, but to reach down your hand and help your neighbor up. For Christianity means humanity. It means that men are the sons of God and all men are brethren; it means religion for every man, intelligence for every man, political power for every man, and sufficient measure of wealth to secure reasonable leisure and reasonable comfort and reasonable livelihood for every honest, industrious man.

Abner Kent's Vest

A Story for Young Folks

By Priscilla Leonard

The moonlight fell in a broad band of light across the room. It touched the bare walls, the old battered furniture, relegated from other parts of the farm-house as being quite good enough for a bound boy from the Home; it shone on the coarse bed-clothes that covered the narrow cot; and it lingered finally upon the boyish head, buried so deep in the pillow that no one could be quite sure, except the boy himself, whether he was crying or not.

Fourteen years old—and crying! That morning Willie would not have thought it possible. To be sure, he used to cry when he was only a "kid," and his father beat him, and his mother was so sick; but after she died and he grew old enough to understand, he stopped crying, as boys should. Even when his father grew too drunken to care for the children, and they were put into the Home, it was Willie's part to be brave and to tell his little brother and sister to "shut up cryin', an' behave like mother said." And when he had to leave them there and be bound out upon the farm, he whistled to keep his courage up as he went off with Abner Kent in his rattling market-wagon; and Abner said he was "the right kind of a boy." At this remembrance Willie's throat began to choke again, and he pressed his face deeper in the pillow. Mr. Kent would never say anything like that again; he thought him a thief!—a thief!—and Mrs. Mrs. Kent thought so, too; and Abner had talked about the constable and court and the jail. He had no friends, nobody to help him, to say he couldn't have taken the money. He remembered his Scotch grandfather; how the old man used to tell long stories of Scotland and the MacDonalds, and how he would end up with, "The MacDonalds are an honest folk, always an honest folk!" Even his father had kept that one virtue through all his degradation, and his mother had had a horror of dishonesty. Now her boy was called a thief! The little brother and sister would hear of it. How could they help believing it if he was sent to jail? Everybody would believe it; he could never be an honest boy to anybody now! This last thought was too cruel for fourteen-year-old courage; the sobs began in earnest. Poor little soul! In his helplessness and trouble another thought of what "mother said" came to

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him, and he slipped out of bed, and, down on his knees, by the side of the cot, sobbed out a prayer.

"Oh, Lord, show them I ain't a thief! show them I ain't a thief, for mother's sake! Amen."

He took a childish comfort in the "Amen," and repeated it several times. Indeed, now that he was upon his knees, he felt, somehow, that some one was going to take his part, after all, and in the comfort of that thought forgot to get back into bed, but, drowsily leaning his head against the counterpane, went to sleep in the pitying moonlight.

In the sitting-room downstairs Abner Kent and his wife were discussing the theft for the twentieth time that day.

"I'm jest as sure," said Abner, "thet he took it, as thet I'm a-sittin' here, Mary Ann."

"But ef he took it," said Mrs. Kent, waveringly—she was a kindly woman—"he wouldn't have took the vest; he'd jest have took the bills."

"Thet's jest it," said Abner, bending his ragged gray eyebrows into a frown; "he's a smart boy, 'nd he wasn't goin' to do that. He sez, 'Why, Mr. Kent, you hung the vest on the fence when you was a-workin', 'nd I guess a tramp come along 'nd carried it off'—the brazen young rascal, when there ain't been a tramp seen around fer a month! No, ma'am! I hung that there vest on the fence, with them sixty-five dollars in the right-hand pocket, 'nd I went round to the barn to look after them crates, 'nd I clean forgot it. I don't remember thinkin' of it fer an hour, 'nd when I come back, the vest was gone, 'nd him jest walkin' around the house. Now you know, 's well 's I do, thet he'd been a-workin' in thet lot all mornin', 'nd ef a tramp hed come along he'd 'a' seen him, 'nd Tiger would hev barked. The worst is, he's so brassy about it; he won't own up, nor he won't give back the money."

"He must hev it somewhere 'round the house," said Mrs. Kent. "I wouldn't send him away, Abner, ef I was you. The jail won't help get back the money."

"I've been a-thinkin' of that. 'Nd yet, I kinder hate to hev him 'round, bein' a thief. I thought he was a nice little fellow, but I tell you, Mary Ann, these folks from Homes ain't like the children of decent, respectable people. I've jest turned against him, 'nd ef I do let him stay. I'll treat him like jest what he is, 'nd show him what honest folks think of him. Fer one thing, he don't sleep in my house no longer; he might murder us all in our beds, next thing. Out to the barn he goes, 'nd there he kin stay tell he owns up 'nd gives me back my sixty-five dollars."

"Oh, Abner, thet's pretty hard!" remonstrated Mrs. Kent. She had no children, and Willie's sturdy little personality had already endeared itself to her.

"The way of the transgressor *is* hard, Mary Ann, 'nd I'm only carryin' out the Scripters in makin' it rough fer the boy. I don't send him to jail; thet's mercy enough."

Abner was a fierce little man, with prejudices of iron; and his wife had long ago learned submission. So she only sighed, and followed him meekly as he stumped upstairs to bed.

Next day Abner put his resolves into practice. Willie was told that he was to sleep in the barn; that he need not expect to go to town with Abner to market, or, indeed, leave the farm on any pretense whatever; that these regulations were to last until the money was returned; and that, if he undertook to disobey or run away. the constable would be called upon at once. Abner laid down these laws with the majesty of a judge, while Mrs. Kent went off into the back of the house and cried a little at the remembrance of the culprit's former goodness. But Willie did not cry, this time. "Brassier than ever," Abner called him. "I ain't a thief, Mr. Kent," he repeated, steadily, to all Abner's severe sentences; and he was actually heard whistling at his work that afternoon, to the horror of Mrs. Kent, who did not guess that it was courage and not carelessness in the lad.

Courage is a good thing in a boy. It was a MacDonald trait; and surely none of the clan, in their native Highlands, ever had more need of it than this young member, shut up to the society of one determined foe. Abner Kent was as honest, as hard-working, and as hard a man as any in the county. He was a man of few ideas, and strong ones; and when he turned the full force of them against one young lad, the pressure was tremendous. "All I want him to say is, he did it, 'nd hand back the money," said he to his wife; "'nd ef exhortin', 'nd watchin', 'nd punishin' kin do it, I'll bring him to it yet."

"But, Abner. I can't feel right to treat him so hard. The Bible says to do unto others same as you'd have 'em do to you."

"Ef I do wrong, I want to be punished fer it," said Abner, impressively; "'nd so I do to him jest what I'd want others to do to me. You're not sound on Scripter, Mary Ann; you're too merciful."

Mrs. Kent's mercy was the only thing that kept Willie from hating Mr. Kent and all the world as the days dragged on. As those tortured by the rack were tempted to confess crimes never committed, in order to escape further suffering, so Willie sometimes wavered under the continual effort to wring a mythical confession from his innocent mind. He wondered, sometimes, if he could have taken the money. But the only explanation he could think of, that of having walked in his sleep, would obviously not apply to a robbery in broad daylight. He thought of tramps until he dreamed of them at night, but he could not remember any who had been about when the money was taken. He worked away doggedly, under Mr. Kent's determined supervision, until he felt like a convict, with his jailer standing over him. When he went to church with the farmer and his wife, the other boys stared at him, and he knew why. He was not allowed to go to Sunday-school, and he was glad. He felt himself cut off from humanity and despised by everybody. He was afraid to run away, because he felt, dimly, that it would make him wrong where he was trying to do right and wait for things to come out clear. And, besides, he hoped in Mrs. Kent, who looked at him kindly, though she said nothing.

One thing he had—the animals on the farm; and their brute friendship soothed his boyish heart. The horses always welcomed him; the turkeys and ducks and chickens followed him whenever he went through the farmyard; the calves nuzzled against his shoulder; even the pigs were stupidly friendly, except when he had to drive them, and thus roused their ingrained obstinacy, which was equal to Abner's. Old Tiger, the dog, who had never unbent to any one else, would come and sleep by him in the barn. And then there were the dawn and the sunset, cool and sweet and clear; and the long waving fields, and the tangled old orchard, and the brook among the marshy thickets, and the hill pasture, with the big trees at the top, and the wild blackberries growing along the fence all the way down; and all the comfort of the broad, beautiful earth and sky to the little heart that was so narrowed and beset everywhere else. Sometimes he would wake in the night, up in the barn, and put his head down on Tiger's shaggy shoulder, and whisper to him all about it, and how he couldn't stand it, until the dog's big tail would thump the floor, and his tongue would lick the lad's face in sympathy; and the horses in the stalls would stamp their hoofs, and swish their tails softly, and Willie would feel that he could stand it a little longer, after all.

One night, however—it was a spring night, starlit, and verging toward dawn—instead of wagging his tail, Tiger began to growl under his breath, with the hair rising all along his back, as he edged toward the window by which Willie lay. Looking out over the dark space between barn and house, the boy saw two shadowy figures stealing up on the porch and disappearing within the door. Thought is quick; and Willie remembered, in one flash, that Mr. Kent had over a hundred dollars in the house, and that a farm-house not ten miles away had been entered and robbed the week before. The courage of the MacDonalds rose instinctively to the occasion; and, springing up and groping his way around the stalls, he took down the old gun which was used to shoot crows. It was an ancient but highly efficient weapon; and, with the touch of it, excitement and bravery rose high in Willie's boyish breast, as, checking Tiger's impatient growl, and ordering the dog to keep at his heels, he slipped out of the barn and across the yard. The horses whinnied, and then were still; everything was breathlessly quiet, and the dawn, beginning to broaden in the east, showed the dark outlines of the porch and the open door. Willie crept close up under the porch, where the projection of the seat made a shelter for his little figure; Tiger crouched at his feet, bristling and excited, but obedient.

"They'll have to come out this way," Willie thought to himself, "and I'll get one good shot, and set Tiger on them. I wonder if I ought to go upstairs. They might be hurting Mrs. Kent—and Mr. Kent too"—in such an emergency he couldn't bear malice. "Perhaps—I'd better—go up—" and he stood up, and set one foot upon the porch, though his heart shuddered at the thought of those dark stairs, and the two men falling armed upon him. Another moment, and he shrank back into his hiding-place, for he heard footsteps coming down fast. A strange coolness settled on him, and he took his position and cocked his gun as steadily as if he were hunting crows with it, and not men. A darker shadow within the doorway, and then one figure detached itself, and then another—now, for one moment, the thieves paused to whisper together, and then—bang! bang!—rush!—scurry!—and Willie was staggering back against the house, flung by the recoil of the two barrels; Tiger was out on the path, shaking and worrying one of the men, who was cursing and crying out for help; and the other thief lay in a dark, still heap on the porch—so horribly still that Willie was afraid to go near and see what he had done. He went over to the struggling man instead, and, pointing his empty gun at him, gasped out, "Do you surrender?"

At his voice Tiger stopped worrying his victim, and the thief

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gave a groan of relief. "I'll do anythin' if you call off your dog," he said, sullenly.

"Give me your pistol, then," said Willie, fearful of losing his mastery.

"I dropped it. There it is," said the man, pointing to the revolver, where it glistened in the grass. Willie picked it up.

"You sit still, just where you are," he said to the thief, who obeyed; while Tiger, only half satisfied, stood growling over him.

"Take him away!" said the man, with an oath; "he'll bite me again!"

"Very likely," said Willie, "if you don't keep quiet. Mr. Kent! Mr. Kent!" he began to call, loudly, half afraid to leave his prisoner.

"You needn't call," said the man, grimly; "they're tied up and gagged. Ef it hadn't been fer you we'd have got off with the money—and you not much bigger than a bantam chicken! Say, I'll give you the money ef you'll only let me go, sonny, 'nd you can say I got away with it in spite of you."

"I ain't a thief!" said Willie, proudly, with the consciousness that now everybody would believe him. "Watch him, Tiger!" and, going by the dark heap on the porch with a little shiver, the lad ran up the stairs to the room where Abner and Mrs. Kent lay gagged and helpless and unable to move hand or foot to find out what was happening.

It was a long while indeed before Abner Kent recovered from the shock of that night. First came the trial of the thieves—for the other one was not dead, only severely wounded by Willie's close fire. Next came the readjustment of all his ideas concerning the boy; and the workings of his mind on this point were so severe that his wife feared he was "goin' off his head," to use her homely phrase. He wandered around the farm, thinking about it, and would sit meditating at odd minutes, trying to adjust himself to the new conception of an honest orphan from a Home, and a possible tramp as the thief of his sixty-five dollars. Eventually his meditations worked out this latter problem, though in an unexpected manner; for, as he sat on the handle of a wheelbarrow in the tool-house one day, lost in thought, his eyes, resting vacantly upon a cobwebby corner, lit up with recognition. It was—yes, it was that original, identical vest! and, more than that, it was hanging over the edge of a heap of crates where he himself must have left it as he packed them away for the winter. With trembling fingers the old man pulled it out, and, sliding his fingers into the familiar pocket, drew out the roll of bills that had made so much trouble. Ten minutes later Mrs. Kent and Willie in the kitchen were startled by his appearance, dusty, wild, and excited.

"Ef I ain't been and stole my own money, 'nd then called an innocent child a thief! Here, Mary Ann, take it! I ain't fit to have five cents in my vest-pocket, bein' such a forgetful old fool! 'Nd do you jest put half of it in the bank for this boy, fer I can't be quiet in my mind, Willie, fer havin' called you a thief! I ain't been right towards you, my boy, 'nd I guess it's about time I said so."

With which tremendous effort against his own obstinacy Abner's powers broke down, and he flung the old vest on the table and blew his nose violently, while Mrs. Kent cried a little in sympathy. Willie's heart swelled up into his throat with pure joy and gratitude, and Tiger, looking up from the floor, thumped his heavy tail with emphasis, as if to say, "Now we *are* a happy family!"

And so they were from that day.

Puzzles

By Alice I. Hazeltine

NAMES OF CAPES

Fill the blanks with the names of Capes.

The sun had not yet appeared in the —— when we started out on our coaching trip. We waved a —— to our friends, who said they had —— of seeing us return in safety; then, with a blast of our ——, we drove away. It was a —— day in the pleasant season of ——, and the flowers were blooming in the —— ant fields. One day we met royalty in the person of the —— out driving for pleasure with a few attendants.

Some amusement was caused by the strong —— wind that blew off the hat of my brother ——, who, by the way, is a better man than either of the kings of England whose name he bears. I took his handkerchief and tied it into a cap for him to wear until we reached a —— where we could buy one. He declared I was as good a —— any in London.

At one inn we were regaled with salted ——, which none of us liked, and were served by a waiter as reckless as —— Hotspur. We tried to secure an envelope, as our supply had fallen short. "Will having some writing on it make any difference?" asked the host. "—— blank it must be," we answered, and he finally found one. At the end of a week we reached home, with memories of —— extremely pleasant trip.

TWENTY BIRDS, WITH A RHYME FOR EACH

1. A serious nuisance is the ——;
   Every farmer will tell you ——.
2. Cross and quarrelsome is the ——,
   Yet we admire his plumage ——.
3. Oft kept in a cage is the brilliant ——;
   We sometimes feed him pieces of ——.
4. We like the saucy, pert, brown ——,
   And always hope it will come ——.
5. Sweetest of songsters is the ——;
   When it sings we feel like saying "——."
6. Wise, they say, is the round-faced ——,
   Yet the bright daylight makes him ——.
7. A familiar emblem is the ——;
   Oft his likeness is seen on our tender ——.
8. Most common in barnyards is the ——,
   Useful the whole year round to ——.
9. Useful, too, is the well-known ——,
   That yields us its feathers ere they are ——.
10. Far out at sea may be seen the ——;
    It enlivens the sailors' moments ——.
11. The timid, gentle, and beautiful ——
    Is an emblem of peace and of tender ——.
12. Sometimes in a cage is found the ——,
    Making sweet music through many a ——.
13. Fond of the water is the ——,
    Often shot by the sportsman that has good ——.
14. To and fro o'er the barnyard flies the ——,
    High over the mire where the swine do ——.
15. A foe of poultry is the ——;
    Of his stealing chickens we hear much ——.
16. A sweet singer is one kind of ——,
    And seldom is it the mark of an ——.
17. A bird of ill omen is the ——,
    Bringing fear to the heart of the ——.
18. Sometimes the sweet notes of the little brown ——
    May be heard in the forest's solemn ——.
19. An untamed bird is the long-billed ——,
    With legs as long as a common ——.
20. On old houses is sometimes found the ——,
    Having its nest in a cozy ——.

RIDDLE

I belonged to one of the founders of the Christian Church, years later to a king of England, still later to two Presidents of the United States. Milton, Locke, and Bunyan claimed me, though Cromwell, Walton, and Pepys had no claim upon me. I was owned by a fearless reformer who reproved Mary Queen of Scots. I was borne by Smith when he explored the American coast. Since that time I have belonged to many men—to authors, to inventors, and also to workmen. It is possible that you own me now.

FOURTEEN FLOWERS, WITH A RHYME FOR EACH

1. Every one likes the charming ——;
   Surely no finer flower there ——.
2. An emblem of purity is the ——;
   It is hardly found in climates ——.
3. When we say, "She's as pretty as a ——,"
   Of nothing prettier can we ——.
4. Around some houses is seen the blue ——
   With leaves dark and smooth as the shell of a ——.
5. Early in spring comes the cheerful ——,
   With some blooms like spring sunshine brought to a ——.
6. An old-fashioned favorite is the ——;
   You may find it in gardens bordered with ——.
7. Old-fashioned, too, is the sweet ——,
   Standing in prim and stiff ——.
8. A smiling face has the garden ——,
   Its purple blent with the yellow of ——.
9. The magic effect of the famous ——
   Is described in the poem that Tennyson ——.
10. For late summer the gardener sows the ——;
    With full, rich blooms it rewards its ——.
11. Of various colors is the ——,
    Standing stiff and unyielding as a ——.
12. To the English spring belongs the ——;
    We plant it in gardens, sometimes in ——.
13. The red and white of the common ——
    May be seen in meadows the country ——.
14. A popular favorite is the ——;
    With it we tell fortunes vague and ——.

ADDITIONS

Add a certain number to

(1) A covering for the hand, and make another covering for the same.
(2) A common preposition, and produce an adverb of time.
(3) Part of a harness, and make it wounded.
(4) A verb denoting possession, and make it hurry.
(5) A way of cooking, and make it cause terror.
(6) An exclamation, and so make it composed of a common grain.
(7) A falsehood, and so make it less heavy.
(8) A flying animal, and make it a narrow board.
(9) A workman's outfit, and make it a young domestic animal.
(10) A light touch, and make it a protection for the foot.

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For the Little People

A Busy Housekeeper

By Mary F. Butts

Miss Idle had curtains of delicate lace,
Of exquisite patterns, in many a place;
They were looped across windows and draped over doors,
They fell in soft lines from ceilings to floors.
Woven ('tis true everybody decried her)
By a bright little, patient, industrious spider.

The wonderful weaver sat long at her loom;
She was never disturbed by duster or broom;
At noon she had dinners, rare roasts, and rich fries,
Prepared from the bodies of fat little flies.
From morning till night she planned and combined,—
Miss Idle's housekeeping was just to her mind.

❀

How She Smoked the Pipe of Peace

A True Story

By Helen E. Bacon

"It happened long ago, when I was a little girl," said Aunt Ellen to her nieces and nephews, who were begging for a story, "at the time when Texas was trying to gain her independence. We had not lived in Texas long when the struggle began, and during the time we had been there everything had been in the greatest confusion. There were no schools near us, and mother, with her housekeeping cares, found little time to teach us. So, when Mr. Cutler moved into our neighborhood from the North with his family, every one was delighted to learn that Miss Mary, the oldest daughter, was willing to start a school for the children of our neighborhood.

"The school-house was not at all like those of to-day, but was only a one-story log cabin, with a few rough benches for seats and a pine table for the teacher's desk. There was not even a stove, only an old-fashioned fireplace. But we were very happy and very fond of Miss Mary, and thought her the most beautiful creature we had ever seen, with her bright eyes and long, light hair which she wore in curls, as was the fashion then.

"One sharp spring morning, before school had called, as we stood about the fireplace enjoying the warmth, an urchin standing by the window sang out, 'Indians!' We rushed to the windows and saw a band of Indians coming down the road that led past the school-house. It was not an unusual sight, and would have occasioned no comment but that lately Santa Ana had been rousing them against the whites. As it was, we all breathed more freely when we saw them pass by and disappear over the hill beyond.

"The morning's work was nearly done when, on glancing through the open door, we saw the same Indians returning, and it was evident that they had had their fill of 'fire-water' on their trip. You may know that we were frightened. We hardly dared breathe. What should we do if they should come in? Finally, to our relief, we saw the last one pass, and had just picked up our books to go to work once more when we heard a step on the threshold, and, looking up, saw to our horror the very fiercest one of the entire band, it seemed to us, standing before us.

"Miss Mary sat perfectly still before the class she was hearing. 'Howdy,' said the Indian. 'Howdy,' came back in a faint voice from Miss Mary. She seemed paralyzed with fear. One of the boys, a plucky youngster about nine years old, rose to the occasion and sang out, in a trembling voice, 'D-d-don't b-be scared, M-miss Mary; w-we'll t-take c-care of you.'

"In the meantime the Indian's attention had been attracted by Miss Mary's beautiful hair. He stalked over to where she sat and, taking one of the curls in his hand, said admiringly, 'White squaw,' then picked up another, repeating the words, 'White squaw.' What would he do? Did he intend to scalp our teacher before our very eyes? Perhaps you can imagine our horror when he seated himself on one of the benches, drew his knife from his belt, and proceeded to sharpen it on his moccasin. Our hearts fairly stood still. You could have heard a pin drop as we sat breathlessly watching him. Finally the knife was sharpened to his satisfaction, when, to our amazement, instead of doing any blood-curdling deed, he produced a stick of tobacco about a foot long and cut it into inch pieces. Then he took his long pipe, filled it, lighted it with a coal from the fireplace, and offered it to Miss Mary.

"She hesitated for a moment, when 'S-s-moke it, Miss Mary, s-s-moke it,' came in reassuring tones from the back seat; and Miss Mary took it and bravely puffed away. Presently she returned it to the Indian, and each of the children was required to go through the same process. If any one hesitated, 'S-s-moke it, Sammy, s-s-moke it,' aroused him to a sense of his duty. When the last child had finished, the Indian, apparently satisfied, grinned approvingly at us, and walked out of the room.

"I wondered afterward if his grin was not caused by the knowledge of what our condition would be when the tobacco began to take effect. Certain it is, however, that when the fathers of some of us, fearing danger, arrived on the scene and heard the story, they thought it best to dismiss school for the rest of the day; and I may add that none of us were seen out that afternoon.

"And that is how I smoked the pipe of peace."

❀

The Baby as Comforter

There was such a pretty story in a paper the other day about a baby, told by a man who studies babies as some men study plants. This man said that this baby was on the floor. The baby's sister was making a bag. The sister was not a very big little girl, and the making of a bag is not easy. The sister grew discouraged and began to cry. The baby looked at her a moment, and then began creeping toward her, stopping every few inches to draw its finger down its cheek as if to mark the place where the tears were falling. All the while the baby kept saying "On," "on." The baby's aunt called the sister's attention to the baby and its expression of sympathy. The sister cried harder. Baby worked faster to get over the floor, and finally reached sister's feet, when the sister, touched by the baby's sympathy, picked him up and began to smile. The baby clapped his hands and crowed, and then drew his finger down the cheeks of his sister over the tear-marks. Was not that a lovely baby? The man who tells this story says that babies who live with people who are gentle and kind and good are always full of sympathy and goodness, because they imitate the people older than themselves.

Suppose, when your baby sister or brother is what you call naughty, you begin to think whether he is not imitating somebody around him. You may be looking at your reflection —not your face, but your manners to baby, and the voice you use when you speak to him sometimes.

❀

Queer Things in China

It is doubtful if there is any country in the world where the customs and manners are so confusing as in China. A gentleman has just written a description of a luncheon he attended in that land of queernesses. The host was the Governor of one of the provinces of China. The invitations were issued for twelve o'clock, but it would have been a mark of great ignorance for the guests to have appeared before two o'clock; there would have been no one ready to receive the guests at the hour stated in the invitation. The right time for the guest to appear is two hours after the stated time.

The lunch was served in forty-two courses. The portions served were small, and to some of the guests not agreeable. The host examines the glass from which the guest drinks to assure him of his host's care, and he tests the chair of the guest to prove it will hold him. It is also the custom for the host to apologize for everything he offers his guest, and to assure him how kind he is to allow himself to be entertained by one so beneath his notice.

❀

Days to Come

One is for New Year's Day, my dear,
Two for St. Valentine's Day;
Three for the birthday, chilly and drear,
When Washington came this way.

Four is for April first, my dear,
When we fool each other in play;
Five is the time when we plant the trees,
And we call it Arbor Day.

Six is the day when we take the flowers
On the soldiers' graves to lay;
Seven's the glorious Fourth of July,
Eight is for Labor Day.

Nine's for Thanksgiving Day, puddings and pies,
Turkeys and nuts beside;
And *ten* is the last and the dearest and best,
The beautiful Christmas-tide.

—*Youth's Companion.*

❀

The First Fork and Spoon

It is about nine hundred years since forks were invented. A Princess was married to a Prince of Venice; for the wedding breakfast she provided herself with a silver fork and a gold spoon. This set the fashion, and wealthy families soon provided themselves with like table furniture. The greatest excitement followed their introduction, and the Church condemned the use of these articles, without which you would not be able to eat with comfort. It is said that it was 613 years later that the fork and spoon entered England.

❀

A Strange Nest

There was a nest found recently in Switzerland that has been presented to the Museum of Natural History. It was picked up in the woods under a tree. The nest was made of the finest wire used in the springs of watches. It is supposed that the birds who built the nest picked up the discarded springs of watches that had been thrown on to the ground and found the wire good material to work with and used it. The nest is said to be very pretty.

❀

An Inconvenient Home

The electric light in a certain square of a country town in New Jersey refused to burn. A man was sent out to fix it. He climbed the pole. The moment he touched the globe a swarm of bees flew at him and stung him badly. He came down, and caused the globe to be smoked out. When all the bees were gone, it was found that the globe was about a third full of honey. Then every one knew why there had been no light on that pole.

❀

A Queer Christmas Present

Some little Indian boys are at one of the Government schools; some of the parents of these boys went to visit them at Christmas. They brought Christmas presents, and one father exhibited with much pride his present for his boy—one dozen rabbits and one dozen squirrels, cleaned and dressed. How would you have liked such a present?

❀

Not Wanted

Queensland has so many rabbits and they are so destructive that rabbit-proof fences are being built. One has been built that is eleven hundred miles long. The rabbits are so destructive that the farmers are greatly troubled by them.

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Books and Authors

The Spiritual in Modern English Poetry[1]

It would be difficult to find elsewhere so painstaking and so fruitful a treatment of the theme on which Miss Scudder writes as she has given us in this full and suggestive volume. Many of the main ideas can, of course, be found in other writers, notably in Mr. Dowden's essays, but nowhere else, as far as we are aware, brought together in this compass, and worked out in such consecutiveness and detail and such abundance of illustration. The "spirit" in her treatment is not simply the higher exercise of the mind, refined, ethereal, suggesting escape from physical limitations, yet after all not really transcending the interests or the boundaries of the world—the sense so often found in literature. It is the activity of the soul in its sensitiveness to the unseen world, and as it confronts the great questions concerning God, the order of the universe, the government of the world, the best good of man, and his destiny here and hereafter. To trace this in the varied developments of modern English poetry, and in the personal experience of the poets as disclosed or intimated in their writings, is a high and exacting enterprise, for which the author has eminent qualifications. She has knowledge, penetration, sympathy, high ideals, and a very constant grasp of fundamental truth. She has a wide view of the field, and, on the whole, though with some important omissions, a just estimate of the forces in action. Her skill in following the shining yet narrow and often obscure pathway of the spirit is everywhere conspicuous, as is also her power of interpreting its enigmas and symbols and faintest suggestions.

The three great powers that have influenced modern song, Science, Democracy, and the Historic Past, she treats in separate chapters. With full recognition of the dangers inseparable from the scientific method, the author shows how scientific reverence for law and passion for fact have renewed our poetry. "The scientific temper that seemed to be drying up the very roots of our poetry, in truth infused into these roots a fresh and vigorous sap." She is perhaps right in taking Wordsworth as the best exponent of the new democratic order. His political predilections and sober convictions were, indeed, aristocratic; he did not believe in the people as governors of the State; he deplored and resisted many of the reforms of his day. But "in his interpretation of the soul of the poor, his honor for labor, his demand for a voluntary return to the people," as well as in "his conception of the State and his correlation of law and duty," and "passionate sense of the collective life," may be found the germ of the higher ethical socialism, that world of promise "yet secret, but destined one day to become apparent."

Some of the best work of the volume is found in the chapter on "Ideals of Redemption, Mediæval and Modern." These ideals Miss Scudder traces with deep insight and sympathy in Dante's "Divine Comedy," Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." To Dante the struggle of life is pilgrimage; to Spenser it is warfare; to Shelley it is endurance. The aim of Dante is holiness; of Spenser, conquest over the foes of God; of Shelley, freedom. To both Dante and Spenser sin is a desperate fact, but the latter is specially impressed with the awful danger arising from its disguises, its deceitfulness, showing in this the approach of the modern world of doubt. Shelley has no recognition of sin, but he sees, "as no older poet could, the insidious and profound danger of doubt." "To choose the Good was the struggle of Dante; to find the Good is our struggle to-day." Redemption with Shelley is simply "the unlimited extension of limited conditions;" with the poet of the "Paradiso" it is the knowledge of the Most High.

The "Life of the Spirit" is manifest in the spell which the historic past has exercised over our modern poets. The secret of their several attempts to revivify the classic age, the mediæval, and the Renaissance, was in the urgency of the Spirit. But no one of the great periods could satisfy the modern man. The completeness of natural good sought by the "neo-pagans"—Landor, Keats, Arnold, Swinburne—must meet and blend, not with mysticism and asceticism, nor with the eclecticism of the Renaissance, but with the fullness of spiritual life; and this is yet to come. Giving Browning the supreme place, the author paradoxically classes him as a "humorist" because he is the "idealist and the man of the world bound up together." He is "both jester and prophet." In him the century has achieved a new synthesis, and a great humorist is for once a great "believer." "His most grotesque studies are to the end of a spiritual revelation."

The distinguishing feature of the Victorian age is reflected in the "Poetry of Search." "Great poetry in all previous times has moved to the music of assurance; ours for the first time moves to the music of doubt." And some do not get beyond the doubt. Matthew Arnold meets it with a message of self-repression, and "the light of the spirit in him was quenched by his self-repression." Clough meets it with self-abnegation and the "furthest reach of devotion consistent with entire agnosticism of thought." The poets of art—Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne—delighting in mystery, find in vivid emotion an adequate end of life, and "from unreal intensity the poetry of art passes into monotonous languor and sinks into the gulf of the senses." Miss Scudder treats "In Memoriam" as the central poem of the century, not only in date (1850), but in scope and character; "better than anything else it lays bare the interior life of the typical modern mind;" full of the deepest problems and intellectually agnostic, it yet "advances toward a triumphant and Christian end."

The "Triumph of the Spirit," shared in, according to their degree, by others, is reached supremely by Browning. In him alone the vision has never failed.

This, then, is the result, given in this final chapter: Progress from the "early hopefulness of the century, through darkness and doubt to assured conviction." "From Pantheism towards Christianity, this is the spiritual pilgrimage of our modern English poets."

Such is a meager outline of a very inspiriting volume. Buoyant, confident of greater things to come, keen in following the clue of spiritual thought, and rich in her own thought, the author is a good companion and guide. And her book, useful in the analysis of separate works and movements of thought, is yet more so in its large result; in keeping clearly before one the high meaning of poetry and the supreme reality of the life of the spirit in man, and the controlling power of the greatest realities in literature. The poet appears no longer as the "idle singer of an empty day," whatever his song, but as the interpreter of his time, and, as such, appointed to an inheritance of desire and pain, of joy and doubt, which come indeed to all men in some degree, but to him, for the sake of other men, with an intensity, and in forms, possible only to the most capacious souls. With all her breadth of view, however, and in spite of her discrimination, Miss Scudder does not seem to bring into the field all the agencies and movements, religious and philosophical, which may fairly be supposed to have mingled with the life of the poets, and consequently her account of their spiritual parentage is inadequate. Except for an occasional brief mention, one might think they owed nothing to the leaders in theological thought or religious reform, or to the great preachers, or to the constant religious activity existing even in a somnolent Church. And so she seems to attribute to them alone a work in which many agencies must have co-operated. "The Apostolic succession of the Spirit was without, not within, the Church." "In the days of a degenerate Church and an unawakened world, it was through the poets more than through any other force that faith returned to England." Yet of these poets she says, "Faith in a personal immortality was outside the range of Wordsworth, and ignored by Shelley; the pall of death rests on the beauty of the poets of art; Clough and Arnold seeking may not find."

[1] *The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets*. By Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.75.

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In Tennyson "doubt still is the foe over whom faith wins an uncertain victory." It is of Wordsworth, as well as of Shelley and Keats, that she says, "Not one of them ever reached the perception of personality in man or God." Putting aside the question of the correctness of her judgment, that is surely a strange Apostolic succession to be intrusted with the most essential faiths of the race. And the final outcome is hardly entitled to convey the satisfaction she professes to find in it. The faith which she sees in Tennyson, noble as it is, is certainly not adequate for an ultimate resting-place; nor will that of Browning seem sufficient for a complete victory of the Spirit. But the author would herself be the first to say that the point reached is only the preparation for a clearer message and a higher attainment, of which, indeed, her book is a prophecy.

The Round Table for 1895 (Harper & Brothers, New York) gathers together all the good things with which this children's publication has cheered, delighted, and educated its readers for the past fifty-two weeks. *A B C*, an alphabet for children, by Mrs. Arthur Gaston (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), is a quaint, artistic book with rough edges, broad margins, and old-fashioned illustrations. The book cannot fail to arouse the artistic instincts. Each page is devoted to an illustration in which a letter of the alphabet is prominent. Under the illustration is a rhyme setting forth the value of that letter in some well-known word. *Eric, Prince of Lorlonia; or, The Valley of Wishes* (Macmillan & Co., New York), is a fairy-story book which begins with a plot on its first page; it has a scheming uncle with attendants, a lovely mother, a dear sister, a baby who is prince and ruler. The ingredients are in right proportions for a really, truly fairy story. *The Carved Lions*, by Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan & Co., New York), is a charming story that opens in an English home and carries us through a strange and beautiful land of dreams, or a fairyland, or heaven. It is a book of healthy, happy struggle and triumph, and, best of all, love of little children for home and the home circle. *Bessie and Bee*, Mrs. Brine's latest book (Hunt & Eaton, New York), is the story of two little friends and their happiness. *The Children's Book of Dogs and Cats*, by Frederick J. Boston and Elizabeth S. Tucker (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York), is for the wee little ones. The book is beautifully illustrated in color, and meets the needs of the little ones who do not read. *A Child of Tuscany*, by Marguerite Bouvet (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), is a pretty story of child-life in a new field. The story is dramatic to readers of ten to fourteen. A nursery feast is assured for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year where the bound volumes of "St. Nicholas" are. The monthly numbers are delightful, but the numbers gain by being placed in cloth covers. The charm of "St. Nicholas" is in the broad appeal it makes to the children of all ages, and the happy blending of amusement, entertainment, and instruction.

A New Theory of Baptism. By the Rev. E. R. Downing. (Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company, Kansas City.) The thesis of the writer is, "Should not water baptism, as a superannuated symbol of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, be abolished?" We judge him to belong to some one of the sects which stand strenuously for baptism as they understand it. His claim for liberty of interpretation is also strenuously made, although it lands him in some astonishing conclusions, as in reading John iii., 5, "Except a man be born of water, *even* the Spirit," etc. That his work has met with favor in some quarters seems to be evident from its passing into a second edition. Quaker-like discarding of the sacrament is a natural recoil from exaggerated claims for it. The author's conclusion, however similar to that of the Friends, is reached by an elaborate and rather wearisome argument upon historical and exegetical grounds, rather than those dear to the intuitionalist. His conclusion that "water baptism is an antiquated canon of the Jewish Church," and that "the one prime and only baptism of the Christian Church" is "the cleansing power and agency of the Spirit," might be granted without at all lessening the value of the sacramental ordinance as a simple symbol. The book is marred by dreadful orthographical errors, some of which are too recurrent to be chargeable to the perversity of the types.

Our readers who may enjoy the gossip of the stage will welcome Mr. C. E. L. Wingate's charming volume, *Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage* (with Illustrations from rare old Prints). Mr. Wingate is full of stories, which he introduces appositely and relates with grace. While he is much occupied with the praise of ladies long dead, he speaks worthily of those who yet live, and makes the women of the drama to live before us. We fail to find a dry or dull page in the whole book. Incidentally it is a record of the interpretations that have been given to Shakespeare's women, and as such it becomes a sort of commentary on his plays. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

Mr. Herbert Small has compiled a *Handbook of the New Public Library in Boston* which is a model of its kind. The significance of this institution is perhaps more important than that of any other public library in America. In Mr. Small's little book we learn not only about the architecture and decoration of the building itself, but about the distinctive features of the library, its newspaper, periodical, catalogue, delivery, librarians', trustees', children's, patent, photographing, and music rooms, its card-catalogue and book-stack, its printing-office and bindery. (Curtis & Co., Boston.)

The "Thistle" edition of *Robert Louis Stevenson's Works*, already commented upon at length in these columns, has now been completed by the publication of the sixteen volumes. Special attention ought to be called to the sixteenth volume, because it contains forty or more new poems written by Mr. Stevenson during his residence in Samoa, many of them as striking and characteristic as any which came from his pen. This edition is one of the finest pieces of book-making which this country has produced. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A neatly printed illustrated edition of Mr. Barrie's best two books, *Auld Licht Idylls* and *A Window in Thrums*, are sent to us by R. Fenno & Co., of this city.

Literary Notes

—A few weeks since, at the riverside village of Teddington—near which is Mr. R. D. Blackmore's home—the book-stall clerk at the railway station stuck up a poster advertising "Lorna Doone, by a Local Author." When requested to remove it, he complained, declaring that he had already sold ever so many copies through it.

—It is announced that Messrs. Burrows Brothers, of Cleveland, are about to begin the publication of a complete reprint of the rare and celebrated "Jesuit Relations," which contain valuable material concerning the early history of Canada and our Northern frontier States. The set will comprise sixty volumes. The original text will be reproduced in facsimile, with a careful English translation by Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker. Only 750 copies will be issued.

—The Rev. John Watson, the author of "Kate Carnegie," now being published in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook, was born in England, but spent his childhood at Perth and at Stirling, Scotland, and his college days at Edinburgh. Before he became the minister of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, where he is now preaching, he was minister of the Free Church in Logiealmond, in Perthshire, Scotland. Logiealmond is now well known as "Drumtochty."

—It is telegraphed from London that, in reply to a request that he sign the address of British literary men to American authors asking the latter to do all in their power to prevent a war between Great Britain and the United States, Mr. Alfred Austin, the new Poet Laureate, writes professing admiration and respect for the American Government and people, but saying that their recent attitude was unfair and unfriendly. He, therefore, at the present moment, cannot approve of a body of Englishmen addressing a body of Americans in language which might be construed as savoring of timorous complaisance.

—Colonel Thomas Wallace Knox, the author of deservedly popular boys' books of travel, died suddenly last week. Colonel Knox was a New Hampshire boy. When he was about twenty-five years of age, he went to Colorado to seek gold, and there became a reporter on the Denver "News." When the war broke out, he served in two campaigns in the Southwest, at the same time being the war correspondent of the New York "Herald." Afterwards he came to New York and did general newspaper work for a short time, soon being commissioned to take a journey round the world as correspondent for the New York "Tribune" and other papers. In 1875 he went to Ireland and telegraphed to America the score of the international rifle-match at Dollymount, by means of an invention of his own, indicating by the use of the Morse code the spot at which each bullet struck the target. This he developed into a system of topographical telegraphy which he sold to the Government for the transmission of weather-maps. It was not as a correspondent, however, but as an author that Colonel Knox was best known. All of his books are worth reading, but his "Boy Traveler" series has the greatest fame.

[For list of Books Received see page 109]

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The Religious World

Farewell to Dr. Ecob

As has already been mentioned in The Outlook, the Rev. James H. Ecob, D.D., who for fifteen years has been pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany, has accepted a call to the First Congregational Church in Denver. Dr. Ecob is well known not only for his work as pastor, but also for his frequent contributions to periodicals, religious and secular. On the occasion of his leaving Albany the church of which he has so long been pastor tendered him a reception, which was in many respects almost unique. The large building was beautifully decorated, and thronged not only with the members of his own congregation, but with many of the most prominent citizens of Albany. The chair was taken by Judge Learned, who in his opening address paid a feeling tribute to the work which Dr. Ecob has done in that city. Letters were then read from many who were prevented from being present, and most hearty and generous tributes came from Bishop Doane, of the Episcopal Church, Bishop Burke and Father Waldo, of the Roman Catholic Church, and Dr. Abbott and Mr. Mabie, of The Outlook. Afterwards addresses were delivered by Dr. Battershall, of the Episcopal Church of Albany, Dr. Selden, of the Reformed, Rabbi Schlesinger, of the Jewish Synagogue, Dr. Sawen, of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Melvil W. Dewey, State Librarian, and Dr. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair. At no similar gathering has the unity of feeling been more manifest, or the regret at losing a pastor deeper or more widespread. The addresses and letters were ungrudging in their praise of the work which Dr. Ecob has accomplished in Albany. He was spoken of as a "true prophet," a man of almost unique sincerity and spiritual power, and a preacher who had impressed himself upon the whole life of the great city in which he has lived. The reception was a credit alike to the church which gave it and to the pastor who received it. Dr. Ecob, in his reply, said that if he had appreciated the depth of the feeling of regret at the step he was taking, he did not know what the result would have been. The church in Denver is to be heartily congratulated. Dr. Ecob is in the prime of his powers, and one of the ablest and most vital preachers in the whole country; without a trace of sensationalism; with a fineness of literary finish which few preachers ever approach; with the intensity of a Hebrew prophet proclaiming the essential truths of the Christian revelation. He goes to Denver not simply to be pastor of the First Congregational Church of that city, but, as he finely puts it, to be "one of the pastors of the Church of Christ in Denver." The number of men who regard the Church as one, and their duty as being not simply to the local fellowship, but to the whole body, is happily increasing, and among them Dr. Ecob is a recognized leader.

Presbyterians and Christian Endeavor

At the last National Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston the Presbyterian Endeavorers at their denominational rally appointed a committee to consider the relation of the Presbyterian Church to the Christian Endeavor movement. The committee is so representative that we will give its names in full, as follows: The Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D., the Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, D.D., the Rev. Henry T. McEwen, D.D., the Rev. Pleasant Hunter, D.D., General James A. Beaver, the Rev. Samuel J. Niccolls, D.D., the Rev. Howard A. Johnston, D.D., the Rev. James M. Patterson, and the Rev. George B. Stewart, D.D., the latter being Chairman of the committee. The committee has been seeking information, and has found that there are over 7,000 Christian Endeavor Societies in the Presbyterian Church, and that over $55,000 was given to the home and foreign boards by these young people during the last year. The committee has made some special inquiries, and has received answers from 114 Presbyteries. These Presbyteries report 106,000 members, with 32,000 members in the Junior Societies, and contributions of $30,000 to home and foreign boards. In three cases the member of the Presbytery signing the report expressed some criticism of the societies, but in the remaining 111 reports there were most cordial and enthusiastic expressions of appreciation of the work which they are doing. These facts are gleaned from an article by the Rev. George B. Stewart, D.D., in the "Evangelist" of January 9, and he adds: "These figures tell one story, and tell it with an emphasis that is impressive. The story is that the Christian Endeavor Society is *the* young people's society. It outnumbers all others 33 to 1 in the Presbyterian Church, and enjoys the confidence of pastors and Presbyteries. Evidently Christian Endeavor has come to stay in the Presbyterian Church."

Dr. Judson Smith and Foreign Missions

The Rev. Judson Smith, D.D., is now the senior Secretary of the American Board. The last number of the "North American Review" contains an interesting article from his pen, entitled "Foreign Missions in the Light of Fact." It is an able discussion, and well worth the careful attention of those who minimize the value of Christian work among unchristian peoples. He reduces the objections to missions to four classes, as follows: "They assert that the aim of foreign missions to Christianize all nations is absurd and incapable of execution; or that foreign missions are in the hands of unfitted and incapable men, who can never carry them through to success; or that the methods employed are so unreasonable, so ill-adapted to the end, that they provoke opposition and hatred rather than confidence and love; or that, at any rate, they have accomplished nothing, and can never win any real success. These criticisms are fatal if they are valid; fatal not alone to foreign missions, but to the whole Christian scheme." In answering these objections Dr. Smith very properly shows that the whole advance of Christianity has been a missionary movement. From the time that St. Paul went to Cyprus and Asia to the latest missions of any Board of America, Christianity has been a missionary religion, and the history of the last eighteen hundred years is practically the history of missions. He then shows how broad is the field of the missionary, and that education, literature, civilization, while they spring up in the track of his work, are all tributary to it. He declares that missionaries do not aim to Americanize or Europeanize the peoples of the Orient; that they do not interfere with local politics; that they do not attempt reforms in countries like Turkey and China; but that they do attempt to Christianize all peoples, and to fill them so full of the Spirit of Jesus Christ that they shall do what is required in the lands in which they live. He pays a well-deserved tribute to the great missionaries of the Church in many lands, and calls attention to facts which cannot be disputed regarding the changes which have taken place in those countries where Christianity has been preached. According to his estimates, there are in the missionary churches over one million communicants who have been won to Christ as the result of missionary labors, and at the present rate of increase this number is doubling in less than ten years. He also shows that no other ethnic religion is increasing with a like rapidity. The outlook for the future is exceedingly encouraging. More than three thousand young men and women in the colleges and seminaries of America are now personally pledged to this service, and more than $5,000,000 are yearly devoted to this cause by American Christians alone. The whole article is well worth reading. From personal observation we are able to bear testimony to the truthfulness of many of its statements. The day has gone by for any to sneer at the work of foreign missions. Those who do so do it to their own discredit, for statements like the above show how little they have studied the problems of which they are speaking.

The Federation of the Churches

The Rev. R. M. Patterson, D.D., in a recent number of the "Independent" has been making interesting use of the recently published statistics of the churches. The figures are as follows: 127,906 ministers, 179,311 congregations, 24,218,180 communicants in the United States. Dr. Patterson utters this exclamation: "What a lamentable exhibition in the number of organizations into which they are divided! 151 in all." That means practically 151 different sects in this Nation alone—a startling fact! The evangelical churches number 110,000 ministers, 160,000 congregations, and 16,000,000 communicants. These figures, he says, are put too

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low rather than too high. When he comes to analyze the facts, he finds that there are 13 distinct organizations of Baptists, 21 of Lutherans, 17 of Methodists, 15 of Presbyterians and Reformed, 6 of Adventists, 7 of Brethren, 4 of Friends, and so on. But are these great companies pulling together? Is there harmony between them? How many of them have official intercourse with each other? Many of them are often engaged in strife, and some have no reciprocity whatever. As a result of his inquiries Dr. Patterson especially commends the recent utterance of the National Council of Congregational Churches concerning Union or Federation, and he says that the Presbyterian Church of the North, in its General Assembly at Saratoga in 1890, unanimously pronounced in favor of a similar movement. His argument is strongly in favor of federation, and he says that if the Congregational platform is not safe or comprehensive enough let some one else fashion a better one. All of which goes to show that there is profound dissatisfaction with the existing condition of things in a divided Christendom. Where there is unity of spirit there cannot be real division in the Christian host. Even if formal unity is never realized there is no reason why there should not be a vital and aggressive federation of denominations, which perhaps for all practical purposes would result in just as much good.

Work of the Rev. Gilbert Reid in China

Our readers will remember that about a year and a half ago we gave account of the resolution of the Rev. Gilbert Reid to devote himself to the evangelization of the higher classes in China. He believes that the conditions in which missionaries must labor in that nation are different from what they are elsewhere, and that, while it is well in some lands to seek first to reach the common people, in that land the effort should first be directed toward the higher classes. We glean the following from the "Evangelist" of January 2, and are sure that it will interest many of our readers, since Mr. Reid's supporters are limited to no one denomination:

A remarkably interesting communication comes from Minister Denby, at Peking, to the effect that a reform club has lately been started in that capital. The fact is important, not only as showing a wonderful progress in the ideas of prominent Chinese, but particularly because the credit of the movement belongs to an American missionary, the Rev. Gilbert Reid, well known to the readers of this paper. Two years ago Mr. Reid took the heroic step of cutting loose from the Presbyterian Board, that he might with perfect freedom start a mission to the upper classes and literati in the Province of Shantung. It is to his influence with these classes that this very modern and progressive movement is due. The plan includes a daily paper, a reading-room to be supplied with papers and books bearing on science, politics, and progress, a library, lecture courses, etc. Mr. Reid has been asked and has consented to assist the club in carrying this enlightened scheme into execution.

The Sultan and Armenia

Those who would have an intelligent idea of the Armenian problem ought to read the admirable character-sketch of Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, in the January number of the "Review of Reviews." Of course some allowance must be made for the vivid style of the author, Mr. W. T. Stead, but, on the whole, it bears marks of eminent fairness. He clearly shows that the present condition of things in Turkey is largely due to the "Shadow of God" who rules Turkey from the Bosphorus. The Sultan is not altogether bad, but he is the victim of the conditions in which he lives. Nevertheless, as the head of the Turkish Government he must bear responsibility for his share in the most atrocious outrages which have been committed in recent times. Mr. Stead quotes a paragraph from the Rev. Canon MacColl, which is as follows: "In my pamphlet on 'England's Responsibility Toward Armenia,' and in an article in this month's 'Contemporary Review,' I have proved, by an overwhelming mass of official evidence, that Abdul Hamid has been engaged for four years in carefully maturing his plans for the perpetration of the horrors which have lately roused the indignation of the civilized world. He it is who is responsible, not the Kurds and Turks, who have only been the instruments of his cruelty." Concerning this quotation Mr. Stead naïvely remarks: "In the inner arcanum of his own conscience I doubt whether Abdul Hamid would even desire to repel this accusation. Probably he feels more chagrined at the incompleteness of his work than grieved because of the blood already shed." But we have not intended to do more in this paragraph than call attention to the character-sketch, which throws much light on the terrible condition of things under the Turkish rule. It is well worth a careful reading.

Organizing Nonconformity

The Nonconformists of Great Britain are slowly but surely massing their forces for what many of them believe to be a great struggle for freedom in the not distant future. The first step in this movement was the Free Church Congress, which was in part an outgrowth of the International Congregational Council. As one result of that Congress, local Nonconformist Councils have been started in various cities and countries. The work has gone on so far that now the entire services of one Secretary, Mr. Law, of Birmingham, have been secured in the cause of Nonconformist federation. But that was not enough; and now the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell, of Rochdale, has been released by his church from a part of his duties in order that he may devote himself to the organization of Nonconformist defense against the educational attack of the clerical party. Two things about this action are worthy of mention: First, the appreciation by the local church of its privilege of giving for a time the services of a pastor so well fitted for this special ministry. The relation of the local church to the kingdom is one not yet well enough understood. The Queen Street Church at Wolverhampton a few years since set the example in allowing Dr. Berry to give part of his time to public duties, and the church at Rochdale has followed in the same line. The second point is that the Nonconformists are appreciating that their strength in the future lies in the direction of organization. They are essentially one body. Federation is probably the first step toward a more vital union. The success of the movement started by the Free Church Congress is already evident, and the work must continue to advance. The Establishment will find a united foe facing it when the decisive conflict for liberty begins. What the result will be few can doubt.

Brief Mention

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., after some years of service as an evangelist, returns to the pastorate of the Bethany Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, which he formerly served with great acceptance.

Auburn Theological Seminary is fortunate in having secured as a lecturer during the current year the Rev. E. H. Griffin, D.D., Dean of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Griffin's subject will be "The Relation of Modern Philosophy to the Development of Theology."

The Rev. Frank H. Kasson, editor of "Education," Boston, Mass., is supplying the church at Hampstead, N. H., during the illness of the pastor, the Rev. R. P. Gardner, who is slowly recovering at the Roosevelt Hospital from a critical surgical operation performed on December 14.

The Eliot Church, Newton, Mass., has called to its pastorate the Rev. W. H. Davis, D.D., of the First Congregational Church in Detroit, where he has had a peculiarly useful and successful ministry. Both are very strong churches. The calling church is to be congratulated, and the losing church has our sympathy.

All who know the Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., of San Francisco, will not be shaken in their confidence in him by the attempt at blackmail made upon him by a woman whom the Eastern papers have been exposing as an adventuress. Dr. Brown very properly put the case where it belongs—in the hands of the civil authorities.

The heroine of the Crimean War, Florence Nightingale, still lives, at the age of seventy-four. She is reported to be rich, having, besides some private means, the £50,000 given her by the English people at the close of the war. It is said that she intends to settle the money as a trust, the interest to be devoted to nursing wounded soldiers should her country ever again be engaged in war with a European power.

Another pleasant anniversary occurred in the Congregational Church at Terryville, Conn., where the people united to celebrate the twenty-five years of the ministry of their pastor, the Rev. William Alfred Gay. Congratulatory letters were received from former charges in New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Mr. Gay came to Terryville in 1893. He is a man of ability, well known as a successful inventor and composer, as well as a devoted disciple of Christ.

The colored membership of the different denominations in the United States is said to be 2,674,000, which are distributed as follows: Baptists, 1,403,559; Methodists, 1,190,638; Presbyterians, 30,000; Disciples of Christ, 18,587; and Protestant Episcopal and Reformed Episcopal together, somewhat less than 5,000. There has been an increase of 1,150,000 colored church members during the last thirty years, according to Dr. H. K. Carroll, which is unparalleled in the history of the Christian Church. The value of negro church property is $26,626,000, and the number of edifices is 23,770.

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Correspondence

Chinese Justice

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A Chinaman of some European education and experience recently published in a Hongkong newspaper an essay defending Chinese civilization as having bred a sweet reasonableness among the people at large altogether wanting in the Western world. His contention that Europe has yet much to learn from Eastern Asia in establishing a self-administered system of justice and control is curiously illustrated by an article in the current "Century Magazine," by Mr. C. M. Cady. on "Responsibility Among the Chinese." A two years' residence in North China has afforded the writer of this paper opportunity to note down a number of instances in which the solemn responsibility involved in being his brother's keeper affects the life of every Chinese subject. The liability for a theft, for example, is laid upon the house, the street, the quarter, the city, even the district where it occurs, until some person or group of persons has made good the loss; and, however unjustly this custom bears upon many who are innocent of a particular crime, its practical value in apprehending the real culprit and in preventing misdemeanors is obvious and salutary. That the individual suffers here and there impresses a Chinaman very little. His theory of statecraft sacrifices everything to the good of the whole community, and the fundamental difference in this respect between his standpoint and ours has given rise to the misconceptions of such writers as Professor Douglas, who attempt to measure the quality of Chinese justice by the ideals of Christian countries. The evils that arise from a government administered upon a purely ethical code are sufficiently manifest, but it is entirely beside the mark to discuss them on the basis of a lofty spiritual creed when the sanctions of Christianity are altogether wanting. To understand Chinese civilization we need to understand the logical attitude of the Chinaman who tolerates such apparent contradictions as are visible in his Confucian theory and his daily practice. To bribe, he will admit, is an iniquity; but, while deploring the practice as an iniquity, he defends it as being better than worse offenses, such as disobedience to lawful authority. In fact, the system of gift-taking has by long use been reduced to practical service as an extra-judicial punishment for the troublesome but not dangerous subject, and a means of maintaining discipline among officials. Many cases not provided for by the code are condoned by a timely gift, which serves not only as a fine, but as an intimation of severer measures should the offense be repeated. The check upon an extravagant application of this system to subordinate officials lies in the fact that well-founded complaints of extortion are always heard at headquarters, and the magistrate who has passed the bounds of moderation understands that excessive greed only involves the loss of all his gains. It is, at best, a rough and imperfect substitute for justice, but before condemning the Chinese we must remember their pre-eminently mundane and phlegmatic type of mind, their indifference to abstract virtues, their insistence upon conduct and order. Whatever its drawbacks, it has matured the most amenable people in the world, a people, upon the whole, that can point with pardonable complacency to the most creditable and consistent civilization among pagan nations.

FREDERICK WELLS WILLIAMS.

New Haven, Conn.

—

Kindergarten Work: The Golden Gate Association of San Francisco

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The sixteenth annual Report of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, the President of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, is a pamphlet of some two hundred pages, bound in red and gold, and there is not a dull page in it. It is full of interesting details concerning a great and good work among the needy little children of San Francisco, Cal.

There are forty free kindergartens under the charge of this Board, with a total annual enrollment of 3,588 little children, most of them from three to five years of age. The total receipts for the past year were $44,205.77; total disbursements, $30,983.48. A legacy from J. C. Wilmerding, formerly of New York City, of $10,000 was devoted to the organizing of a new kindergarten bearing the name of the generous donor. Two new kindergartens have been organized the past year. During the sixteen years there have been 20,116 children trained in these beneficent schools. The report says: "Many of the children whom we had under our care, the first years of our work, are now occupying honorable places among the working classes of society. Some of them have attained positions of distinction by virtue of their intelligence, honesty, and industry. One of the earliest and brightest pupils we ever had, who was in our first kindergarten on the Barbary Coast —the Five Points of San Francisco—is now a practicing attorney of much promise in this city."

Mrs. Cooper goes on to say in the Report—"Two great causes have conspired to bring about the rapid growth of the kindergarten work. First, the generous support of wise and liberal-hearted men and women, who have the intelligence to appreciate the bearing of this early training upon future citizenship. Second, the press of the city has contributed very largely to the result. Hundreds of helpful, wise, and inspiring articles have appeared in the daily, weekly, and monthly journals, which have kept the work before the people."

Nearly 80,000 annual Reports have been scattered broadcast; as a direct result, 287 kindergartens have been organized in different parts of this country and in foreign lands. Mothers' meetings are held in the kindergartens, and a hearty fellowship grows up with the families, thus making every kindergarten a college settlement. The entire neighborhood in the vicinity is lifted up. Character-building goes on, with the little ones and with the parents.

This work began in the Bible class of Mrs. Cooper. The first woman to personally sustain a free kindergarten was Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, who had seen an account of the work in the daily press, and, with quick insight, saw the bearing of it upon the future of the State. Mrs. Hearst volunteered to sustain a kindergarten, and was so well pleased with the results that she soon signified her wish to sustain two additional schools. These three kindergartens she has carried on nearly thirteen years. Hundreds of little children have thus been blest.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, in 1884, after the death of her only son, arranged to support five kindergartens, which she has amply endowed for all time to come. Mrs. Charles Lux endowed two, and Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. K. S. Hart, Mrs. M. L. Bradley, and Mrs. Charles F. Joy, each sustain a kindergarten. Five commercial organizations—the Merchants, Insurance, Real Estate, Attorneys, and Produce Exchange—have each a kindergarten. Over one thousand business firms support these last-named schools. The Helping Hand Society, Mrs. D. W. Folger, President, supports four schools. There are sixteen Memorial Kindergartens under this Board of Workers. An excellent Normal Training School, under the care of the Association, Miss Anna M. Stovall, trainer, has graduated about two hundred kindergartners. There is a great demand for these graduates, some of whom have gone to the Hawaiian Islands, some to the State of Washington, and some to the Eastern States and Territories.

Mrs. Cooper says: "This work is God's own work. When we really say, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' and stand in eager attitude of service, he will show us what he would have us to do. The Bible class has never been so prosperous as since it has had this good work in hand, as an energizing power and influence."

*

Notes and Queries

You speak of the *crime* of suicide. You seem to consider the taking of one's own life as a moral and social offense equal to or at least of the same kind as the taking of another's life. On what ground do you base this conviction? Why is one to feel that he can under no circumstances put an end to his existence? Why cannot reason be called upon to decide in the case, for example, of a man who, having no one dependent upon him, finds himself aged, poor, afflicted with chronic disease, and sees that he has only pain and poverty ahead and the certainty of being a burden on the community? Why is it wrong for this man to relieve himself of suffering and the community of his support? Why is it not reasonable rather than wrong? Allow me to ask the origin of the phrase, "The sacredness of human life." What indications do we see in the world of any regard which the Creator—if there is one—has for the lives of human beings? For example, so many hundreds of human beings are killed or tortured every year by cyclones, of which they have little warning, or by malarial fevers. But, not to continue the long catalogue, let me ask, Are there not times when a man is justified in putting an end to his own life? And "if not, why not?"

Y.

The essentially ethical, or spiritual, life is sacred in itself, the thing of supreme worth, to be cultivated at all cost or hazard. Physical life is not thus sacred in itself, but only as a means to the sacred end, the development of the ethico-spiritual life. Its sacredness is simply in its devotement to this; and this sacredness is not contravened by simultaneous deaths, as in catastrophes, any more than by successive deaths in ordinary ways; in fact, death would ultimately come of overcrowding, if it came no other way. Now, the culture of the ethico-spiritual life (the supreme end) demands self-control, patience, faith that the order of nature is good, and faith in its Author as good and just. But the suicide is deficient in these necessary qualities of the normally developing spirit. He impatiently and weakly breaks away from discipline which others patiently bear and thereby grow spiritually strong. Of course one cannot say that there is never any case in which a man may rightly put an end to his life. Such cases, however, are rather a choice of deaths than a choice of death in preference to life. Thus a man on a burning ship may prefer to die in the sea rather than in the flames. But we insist that, generally speaking, a man's duty (and duty is always sacred) is to preserve his physical life as long as he can, so as to carry as far as he can the culture of the ethico-spiritual life, the sacred end to which the physical life is to be sacredly devoted as a means. Now, a man in sickness, poverty, affliction, is prone to discouragement. So far as mere physical life is concerned, he would prefer to die. But more than that is concerned. He does not see it, and so is biased to suicide. Biased judgment is always untrustworthy. And vast mischief would result should men agree that whenever the earthly outlook seems utterly desperate, a desponding mind, biased by its suffering, acts with sound reason in resolving upon death.

1. Kindly tell me how an author proceeds to get a book copyrighted. Is it a matter that must precede its acceptance by the publisher? If not, is it sufficiently secured if the author writes on the manuscript, "Copyright to be reserved by the author"? 2. Will you tell me the name of any book, sermon, or treatise wherein the distinction between law, or cause and effect, and the providence of God in human affairs is satisfactorily made? 3. Will you give me the name of a text-book on Moral Philosophy suitable for girls of average intelligence and earnestness; girls who are blest, not with poverty but with wealth, who are not to be the workers of the world, but the praised and the flattered; girls, therefore, who need a training that will take the place of experiences which deepen life and kindle sympathy with suffering? Is there any book, except the New Testament, that will help them to what they need, an armor of righteousness? Ethics, the evolution of morals, is inadequate. Even religion, as "morality touched with emotion," is not enough; it must be founded on faith and sustained by hope. Is there a book that does not leave out the teachings of Christ, and whose theology is in line with that of The Outlook? B. A. M.

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cents, and letter stating that copyright is claimed. After publication two copies of the book must be sent. Copyright need not be taken out before the book is accepted; indeed, the publisher often attends to the matter for the author. Whether copyright is to be reserved by author or sold to publisher should be stated in the contract for publication. 2. We should not dare to say that you will find this mystery "satisfactorily" cleared by any one, but you will find Dr. Martineau's "Study of Religion" helpful toward it. 3. We should have recommended Dr. A. P. Peabody's "Moral Philosophy" but for your intimation that ethical treatises seem inadequate. For the pupils you refer to we should strongly wish the study of Dr. Gladden's "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age."

F. D.—In reply to your query about the conditions on which a theological professorship is conferred, we can only say, in brief, that a declaration, in some form, of belief in the doctrines held by the denomination is almost always required. Furthermore, we do not doubt that in all cases this declaration is made sincerely and without mental reservation. The only denomination in which such a declaration is not required is the Unitarian.

I wish a good series of prayer-meeting topics for 1896. Where can I get them? B. F. C.

The "Advance" (Chicago) publishes such a series in its Almanac for 1896. We believe the "Congregationalist" (Boston) does the same.

Is the resurrection of Jesus mentioned in any history except the Bible? If so, where can such reference be found? N. W. R.

The Bible is our sole authority. Nowhere else in contemporary records is the resurrection mentioned.

A. P. C.—Sunday-school libraries, Christian Endeavor Societies, etc., can obtain a selected list of books relating to missionary work and life by addressing the Rev. E. E. Strong, D.D., Congregational House, Boston.

I would like to learn the name of the author and piece in which the following quotation is found:

"They shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

L. M. G.

To be found in Wordsworth's "Rob Roy's Grave."

Can any correspondent tell me the words of a poem commencing,

"Doors where my heart was wont to beat,"

or indicate where it may be found? E. H.

For "M. G. H."—The Scripture Union, an English scheme, with a branch under Mrs. C. Campbell Walker, 1707 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, is excellent. H. F.

Can any one tell me where I can find a piece of music entitled "The Singing Sailor," by A. R. Lemon, published in "Clark's School Visitor" in 1860? ***

Books Received

THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO., INDIANAPOLIS

Fishback, W. P. Recollections of Lord Coleridge.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON

Guiney, Louise Imogen. Lovers' Saint Ruth's, and Three Other Tales. $1.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Barlow, Jane. Strangers at Lisconnel. $1.25.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Hore, Rev. A. H. History of the Church Catholic. $2.50.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Henty, G. A. A Girl of the Commune. $1.25.
Oliphant, Mrs. M. O. W. The Story of a Governess.
Ouida (Louisa de la Ramé). The Nürnberg Stove.
Verne, Jules. Captain Antifer. $1.25.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Cheyney, Edward P. Social Changes in England in the Sixteenth Century. Part I.
Beman, Wooster W., and David E. Smith. Plane and Solid Geometry.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

English in American Universities. Edited by William M. Payne. $1.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Hungerford, Mrs. ("The Duchess"). A Point of Conscience. $1.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Wordsworth, Elizabeth. The Snow Garden, and Other Fairy Tales for Children. $1.50.
Colquhoun, Archibald Ross. The Key of the Pacific. $7.
Thom, John Hamilton. A Spiritual Faith (Sermons). Memorial Preface by James Martineau. $1.75.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Defoe, Daniel. Due Preparations for the Plague, as well for Soul as Body. Edited by George A. Aitken. Illustrated by J. B. Yeats. $1.
Defoe, Daniel. King of Pirates. $1.
Corson, Hiram. The Aims of Literary Study. 25 cts.
The Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Vol. III. Development–Diffluency. 60 cts.
Thoughts and Aspirations of the Ages. Edited by William C. Coupland. $3.50.
Disraeli, Benjamin. Sybil; or, The Two Nations. Illustrated by F. Pegram. $1.25.
Marryat, Captain. Peter Simple. Illustrated by J. A. Symington. $1.25.
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The Home Club

A Wise Step

A movement that is interesting a number of women in New York is one worthy of being followed elsewhere. The principals and teachers in a number of the private schools in New York, knowing the pressure under which their girl pupils were working, a pressure due to higher standards of education and the reduction of the school year because of the long vacations, decided to bring the teachers and mothers into closer relation. A self-appointed committee sent out invitations to a meeting held in Barnard College last spring. The subject discussed at that meeting by mothers and teachers was, "What Shall we Do with the American School-girl during the long Vacation?" The interest manifested showed the need of such a conference of mothers and teachers, and a permanent committee was organized. This committee has established monthly conferences. The next one will be held at Barnard College, 343 Madison Avenue, January 18, at 10:30 A. M. An address will be delivered by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler on "The Right Training of Girls under Sixteen." This organization is the crystallizing of a thought that is current, and has been for the past few years, that the home and school must be brought into close and sympathetic relation if the children are to have the opportunity for harmonious development. It would be an effort worthy of the intelligence of the members of this Club to form in each community just such conferences, calling to them the ablest educators in this country. Suggestions from the members as to the best method of conducting these conferences will be gladly received and published if they are practical as well as suggestive.

School Lunches

The Boston school authorities are considering the question of school lunches with great care. Cheap lunches are now served in the high schools through the energy and perseverance of Mrs. Richards, by whom the New England Kitchen was established and made a success. The lunches cost five and ten cents. The schools, it was found, contained many children who needed lunches but who could not buy them. A committee is now investigating with the view of finding some means of giving lunches to such children without injuring their self-respect. That the question is a delicate one all admit.

There is one evil in connection with serving lunches at the noon hour in school. The children almost always eat too fast. An investigator in the line of foods was recently in Boston for a week, and she visited the schools where the lunches were served. One boy ate three sandwiches, a piece of cake, and drank a cup of chocolate in four minutes; the visitor timed him by her watch.

Whether lengthening the noon recess would remedy this habit of cramming food is a question. The subject of school lunches is a very important one. It is especially important because so many children have inadequate breakfasts. This habit of eating too lightly in the morning is a habit that can and should be overcome. The strain of three hours' work, often out of all proportion to the strength of the child, reduces vitality and makes very great demands on reserve strength. It should find the body well nourished by good food. The school lunch question is important enough to be a subject of discussion before women's clubs; important enough for discussion by the members of this Club.

The Balance of Home-making

Professor Sedgwick, of the Massachusetts School of Technology, in a recent address attributed to vital resistance the freedom from disease in many households. The force now wasted, he claimed, should be conserved. If domestic science were in its proper place in education, there would be an enormous saving of vital force and money. The true economy of housekeeping is not represented in the money left over, or in the cheap buying which is the source of great extravagance in many homes. The preservation of the health of the family insures a bank account of health for the future which outweighs every other consideration. The health of the home is not dependent wholly on the amount of scientific knowledge possessed by the home-maker, but on the perfection of balance maintained between the several departments—the commercial, the educational, the ethical, and the æsthetical—that make the home. If the scientific outweighs the others, the balance is not kept, the home becomes material, the atmosphere of it hard, inflexible, and unsympathetic. The home-maker who makes the true home has the wisdom to know where a wholesome neglect can be applied. There is no more fatal influence in the home than an inflexible system. This results in people existing for the system. The home exists for the people in it. Cast-iron theories have no place in domestic economy. The most perfect theory is valueless if it fails to minister to the human life to which it is applied.

An Unsolvable Problem

Will you advise me? Again, can I ask for the course tuition in advance? Last year I found some difficulty in making collections, although my classes were made up of people financially and socially well equipped. I shall be most grateful for any suggestions you may be kind enough to make. Believe me yours with compliments.

The above appeared in one of the household magazines; the writer is a cooking teacher. It is impossible to understand the moral attitude of the woman who will enter into a contract with others to form a class and then not meet her financial responsibility. Almost every woman who has assumed financial responsibility for such a class has had difficulty in collecting. Many women acknowledge that they have paid the deficiency rather than ask for the money the second or the third time. The condition of membership should be the payment of the dues. No woman should be notified officially of the time and place of meeting until she has paid the fee or dues. So many women feel and act as though they were supported morally in the feeling that inability to attend the meeting liberates them from financial responsibility. This is not true. The teacher agrees to give a certain number of lessons to a certain number of persons for a specified sum. The failure to attend is the misfortune of the pupil, the listener, not the fault of the teacher who fulfills her part of the contract.

Care of the Feet

The "Home Club" some weeks ago contained a paragraph in regard to the care of the feet, but nothing was said about habitually cold feet. My daughter, a teacher, is afflicted with this trouble. Her feet perspire very freely, so that her stockings become quite damp. She finds little relief by wearing cotton instead of wool. I hope some reader may know of a remedy and kindly send it to the columns of The Outlook. D. F. R.

Massage is the best treatment for cold feet. Brisk rubbing after the bath affects the circulation, and this increases the warmth of the extremities. For feet that perspire, rubbing briskly after bathing in hot water and douching with cold water, and using talcum powder freely, will remove much of the discomfort, if it does not cure.

Care Needed

The necessity of the greatest care in fumigating after contagious diseases has again been proved by an almost fatal attack of scarlet fever which followed the using of a book that had been in a case with glass doors. The case was in the room when it was fumigated, but the doors were not opened. The books in this case had been used by three children when recovering from attacks of scarlet fever.

The Children's Welfare

School sanitation was one of the most interesting subjects discussed at the recent meeting of the New Jersey State Sanitary Association. The necessity of washing schoolroom floors; the need of care in the height of seats and desks used by the children; light, heat, and ventilation, were all discussed, and the State, city, and town school authorities urged to consider these subjects more frequently and earnestly. Boards of Education act in obedience to the prevailing public sentiment. A more intelligent understanding of these subjects in the home would arouse the school authorities to their importance. How many homes make right provision for the seating and working comfort of the children?

An Original Idea

That many college boys would rejoice if they knew how to use a needle is undoubtedly true. To know how to sew on a button and darn a sock would preserve self-respect often. It is reported of a teacher in a manual-training school, who found that she must teach a class of boys to sew before they could enter a certain wood-carving class, that she cleverly conceived the idea of teaching them to make the sails for boats, and to stitch balls. She taught them to mend their sweaters and sew on buttons. This idea will be of great help to many mothers. We ought to teach our boys that the finest men possess some feminine qualities, and that feminine skill is not a disgrace, but a more complete education.

Whole Wheat Bread

A request for a receipt for whole-wheat bread was published not long since. The following reply has been received:

One-half cake compressed yeast, rubbed smooth in a little water. Stir in flour enough to make a stiff batter, and let stand for a half-hour. Add one pint of wetting—fresh milk and water in equal quantities preferred—one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar. Add entire-wheat flour, stirring with a spoon, until you have a stiff lump well mixed. Let this rise over night, or several hours, in a temperature of about 70 degrees. In the morning stir thoroughly with a spoon and turn into buttered tins. Allow to rise until light, and bake thoroughly.

Full Addresses

The risk of addressing letters and express packages with initials and surname is great. There is always the possibility of more than one person in a family having the same initials, and there is always the possibility of a mistake in the address. The full name should be written always. It is possible to trace a letter or package so addressed.

An Address Wanted

Will the writer of the letter on "Pens and Pencils," printed in the issue of November 9, please send her address to this office? A teacher wishes to communicate with her.

The Aladdin Oven

Several of our readers have asked for the address of the Aladdin oven manufacturer. The address is 71 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

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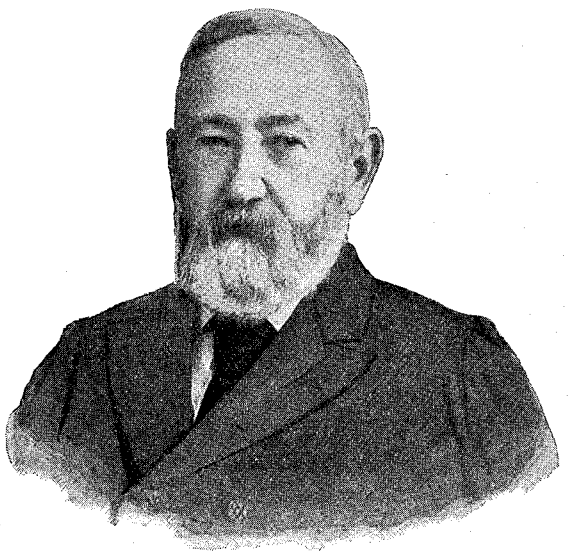

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, PHILADELPHIA

General Harrison Explains "Our Country"

In the January LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ex-President Harrison begins his notable articles in which he will explain just what "our country" means. In his first article he takes up the Constitution, and in a few words tells just what it provides and signifies.

Begin with General Harrison at the beginning and read

The January Issue of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

It Costs Only Ten Cents

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The Spectator

Among the "gift-books" the Spectator is fortunate enough to possess is a well-known edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," which he values for what may seem to many a peculiar reason. Of course this edition contains those weirdly interpretative illustrations of Elihu Vedder—truly "interpretative," for they so suggestively image forth the spirit of the text that one cannot now, after their long association, think of the one apart from the other. Yet, despite the peculiar felicity as well as genius of Vedder's drawings, the Spectator values this special edition of the "Rubáiyát" for the reason that the drawings are grouped together by themselves at the opening of the book. These drawings are not actually divorced from the text, for it runs on through them, artistically subordinated to the illustrative effects, but sufficiently distinct for purposes of reference. On the other hand, if one wishes to enjoy the poem itself, uninterrupted by the illustrations, except as one intentionally turns to them at a particular passage, one has the opportunity, for in this edition the unillustrated text is given in the same volume entirely by itself.

❀

To the Spectator's mind, this is a great relief in these days of over-illustration, when the pages of so many books, body and margin alike, are being filled with sketches, sometimes clever and interpretative and sometimes not, picturing out every person and every detail described in the text. The reader has often actually to "pick his way," if he wishes to follow the narrative or thought of the author, over heroes and heroines in every possible attitude, disjointed bits of landscape, and assorted scraps of suggestion, his eyes ever on the alert to discover where the line he is reading "goes to" and where the next begins. If the book in question is an elaborate holiday edition of some old, familiar favorite, the constant obtrusion of excessive illustration is felt to be an impertinence, almost a personal affront. It is bad enough to have the fresh pages of a new book interpreted for one in advance; it is infinitely worse, infinitely more irritating, to have the well-known pages of an old book interpreted over again with endless ingenuity of detail. There is always present the humiliating suggestion that the illustrator is the only authority, the only one who has a right to make interpretations.

❀

Excessive illustration is only one form of that spirit of literalism—well defined in the "Century Dictionary" as "unimaginative exactness"—which is fast dominating modern life. We are reaching a point where absolutely nothing is left to the imagination which by any possibility can be pictured out. We begin with the children. The Spectator often wonders whether the faculty of "making believe"—one of the greatest delights of genuine, natural childhood—will not come in time to suffer atrophy; whether the multiplicity and complexity of modern toys, with their mechanical perfection of varied accomplishments, will not in the end kill the power of imagination by leading to the expectation that nothing can be found in a toy which is not visible to the eye or audible to the ear.

❀

Maturity is perhaps the nearest to childhood when enjoying the mimic life of the stage. That is, or ought to be, a realm in which one is at the farthest possible remove from the conventional and the commonplace. Yet the stage has grown, through perfection of mechanical devices for scenic effects, to be often a mere imitation of the outside, an elaboration of the trivial and the incidental. By the stress laid on what is subordinate the intended aid to the imagination may prove actually obstructive. This by no means applies only to the inferior drama—to well-known cases where actresses, for example, draw large audiences simply for a sight of their gowns or their jewels. Although the acting may be of the first quality, the setting of the piece is not infrequently praised—no doubt unconsciously—at the expense of the acting, a more striking illustration still of the same tendency. Faithfulness in producing with minute exactness the costumes and surroundings of a given period may be most admirable from one point of view. Its excessive praise and the infinite pains taken to secure it are, from another point of view, evidence only of the extreme modern demand for literalism. Artistic this may be, but great art this is not. "Art," wrote the lamented Hamerton, "consists in invention, selection, omission, accent, passion, partiality, exaggeration, diminution, glorification, and condemnation, all of which are in open defiance of the rigidity of literalism."

❀

The Spectator selects the stage to illustrate the popular set toward literalism, not only because it is in itself so striking an illustration of the tendency, but more especially because its own deterioration has kept pace so closely with the advance of the tendency. Is it not true—the Spectator in particular would ask those friends of the stage who believe it can be redeemed, and who are willing to make the attempt, in Boston for example—that the greatest art is that which is most independent of its accessories, and which appeals most directly to the imagination? Were not those wonderful tragedies of the Greek masters presented by actors who, because they wore masks and appeared on a stage far removed from the audience, were obliged to cultivate artificial tones specially adapted to such obstructed and difficult utterance? Did not the Elizabethan drama flourish when a most modest apology for scenery served the purpose of a background for acting? The picture is before us in the immortal description of Sir Philip Sidney: "Now you shall see these ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in."

❀

For his own part, the Spectator has no need to go back to the days of Sir Philip Sidney for an illustration of what art can accomplish without its usual accessories. It was his privilege to be in a certain New England city when Edwin Booth gave "Hamlet" there in citizen's dress, because, by a blunder, costumes and scenery had been dropped at some place on the road. The incongruities, at first not a little distracting, of an unsheeted ghost and a queen in a linen duster were soon completely forgotten in the wonderful transformation wrought by the actor's art. It was an actual personality, Hamlet himself, who lived and moved in closest touch with the audience, unfettered by details of setting and costume—reminders, after all, that the scene is unreal, a stage picture.

❀

There are not a few, indeed, to whom all stage literalism, however simple and appropriate its mechanism, is an actual obstruction to the imagination. They will cry or laugh over a book which, when dramatized, will fail to call forth a single tear or smile. Emerson was one of these. To Edmund Percy Whipple, who had been praising the elder Booth's "imaginative grasp" of Shakespeare's characters, the Seer of Concord said: "I see that you are one of the happy mortals who are capable of being carried away by an actor of Shakespeare. Now, whenever I visit the theater to witness the performance of one of his dramas, I am carried away by the poet. I went last Tuesday to see Macready in 'Hamlet.' I got along very well until he came to the passage,

> Thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
> Revisit'st thou thus the glimpses of the moon—

and then actor, theater, all vanished in view of that solving and dissolving imagination which could reduce this big globe and all it inherits into mere 'glimpses of the moon.' The play went on, but, absorbed in this one thought of the mighty master, I paid no heed to it." How significant the incident! To Emerson's imagination the suggested thought of the words was so much more vivid than the portrayal of the part by a great actor as to throw the latter into total eclipse.

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SOME WOMEN OF THE BIBLE—V.

Sunday, January 19. Esther ii. Mordecai's fatherly affection, ver. 11; Esther's lovableness, ver. 15, l. c.; her obedience, ver. 20, l. c. The disobedience of grown children often brings great sorrow. A marvelous change of condition for the little exile, ver. 17, l. c. Ex. xx., 12; Prov. viii., 18; Prov. xxii., 4.

Monday, January 20. Esther iii. A single despised Jew too little for Haman's wrath, ver. 6; a terrible calamity planned, ver. 13; sanctioned by the King himself, ver. 12; the post *hastened*, ver. 15. The King and Haman rioting, ver. 15, m. c.; the city Shushan, 15, l. c. God's people apparently doomed to destruction. But Ps. lxii., 11, 12; Prov. xxi., 1; Ps. lxvi., 7.

Tuesday, January 21. Esther iv. The young queen hears the sorrowful tidings, ver. 4; the report is confirmed, ver. 8, f. c.; Mordecai's only hope of relief, ver. 8, l. c. Picture the apprehension of Esther, a timid young girl. The duty plainly set before her, ver. 14, l. c. And in ver. 16 the real character of the young Jewish queen appears and stands to all time. Heb. iv., 16; Ps. lxix., 13, and xxxii., 6.

Wednesday, January 22. Esther v. The beautiful garments and jewels donned with trembling, ver. 1; but apprehension is soon dissipated, ver. 2. The royal promise is a large one, ver. 3, l. c. John xv., 7; Eph. iii., 20, 21. Haman's prosperity, ver. 11. One drawback, ver. 13. A wicked wife, ver. 14. Isa. ix., 6; Neh. vi., 7.

Thursday, January 23. Esther vi. Ahasuerus not at peace, ver. 1.; Is. xlviii., 22. Perhaps he thought to soothe his spirit by performing a good deed. Haman's conceit, ver. 6, l. c.; stops at nothing short of the royal crown, ver. 8, l. c. Contrast Zeresh, thinking only of Haman's adversary, with Esther risking her life for her people.

Friday, January 24. Esther vii. Esther's petition, vers. 3, 4, a literary gem. Notice the steps to climax in ver. 4, f. c. Now a time of great anxiety to the young queen, since she is to denounce the king's favorite. The bad man pleads, ver. 7, m. c. Covering the face, ver. 8, l. c., indicated that the man was condemned to die. Ps. ix., 16; Prov. iv., 19; Esth. ix., 25; Ps. cxlvi., 9; Prov. ii., 8.

Saturday, January 25. Esther viii. The young girl repays Mordecai for his tender care in her lonely orphanhood, ver. 2, l. c. The disaster not yet averted. She must seek with tears, ver. 3, m. c.; Jer. xxix., 13, indicates similar seeking. Our Heavenly Father is not satisfied with less than "all the heart." Ps. cxix., 10; Jer. iii., 10. Note the extent of Haman's plan, ver. 9.

Grateful Women

The tribute to the late General Spinner, consisting of a bronze statue, which was paid for by grateful women, is in Washington, awaiting a site to be designated by Congress. Four years before his death General Spinner wrote:

"I don't claim that I have done much good in the world, but my success in introducing women to Government employ makes me feel that I have not lived in vain," and again: "The fact that I was instrumental in introducing women to employment in the offices of the Government gives me more real satisfaction than all the other deeds of my life."

Soon after his death the women who had been benefited by this act set about raising a memorial for him. None of the contributions were large, but their great number provided the needed sum in a short time. The enthusiasm seemed to center in the Treasury Departments, where a number of the women had known the General well. It has been intended to place the statue on one of the buttresses of the Treasury Department Building. In order to accomplish this it was necessary to obtain the consent of Congress, but the joint resolution introduced in the Senate last winter was placed on the calendar, and was allowed to die at the end of the session. It is interesting to know that out of about 17,000 Government clerks employed at the Capitol, about one-third are women, a large majority of whom have families dependent upon them. The constant employment of these women is indeed the best memorial to General Spinner.

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The Business World

Effect upon Commerce of an Anglo-German War

The Transvaal incident had a decided influence in depressing the markets in England and Germany last week, especially when the conditions were announced which the President of the South African Republic had imposed contingent upon the release of Dr. Jameson and his fellow-conspirators. British consols declined ½ of 1 per cent. French *rentes* were also lower, and so were German securities. In case of war, however, Germany's loss would be greater than England's. The London "Economist" says that "the results would be the immediate deprival to Germany of 17½ per cent. of her foreign commerce, against England's loss of 7 per cent. If England kept command of the sea, the whole foreign commerce of Germany would be paralyzed, while English trade would be pushed in markets now contested by the Germans." The New York "Tribune" says in regard to German competition:

Not for nothing have the Germans spent $40,000,000 on the port of Hamburg, and made its docks and other shipping facilities the finest in the world. From that port, under the German flag, ships go to every quarter of the globe, laden with the products of German workshops; and these goods are crowding British goods out of market wherever they come into competition—which is almost everywhere. Even in Great Britain itself British goods are being driven to the wall. Thus, in 1894, despite the attempted revival of the Irish flax industry, the United Kingdom purchased from Germany more than $560,000 worth of linens; in spite of Manchester, $2,314,000 worth of cotton; in spite of Bradford and Huddersfield, $4,537,000 worth of woolens; in spite of all the other workshops of the Kingdom, $2,260,000 worth of toys, $3,130,000 worth of paper, $2,000,000 worth of pianos, $1,200,000 worth of china and earthenware, and nearly $1,000,000 worth of pictures. Now, these are not large sums, compared with the totals of British manufactures and trade. But they are considerable. They indicate a steady and rapid growth of the quantity of German goods in British markets. And the goods, moreover, are all such as Great Britain has hitherto been pre-eminent in making. Germany is, in brief, carrying coals to Newcastle and selling them. If she has already to such an extent invaded the home market of Great Britain with goods made in direct competition with Great Britain's own especial lines of manufactures, there is indeed ground for jealousy and for consternation at future prospects. For if this be the case at home, what is to be said of the foreign markets? In South America, in Africa, in China, even in Australia, the German trader is beating his British rival. For years Germany's manufactures of nearly all important commodities have been increasing rapidly, and far beyond all needs of home consumption. Accordingly, her exports have been increasing. In 1880 she sent out 1,301,000 tons of iron, and in 1894 2,008,000 tons; while in those same years Great Britain's exports of iron actually decreased. Between 1883 and 1893 Germany's cotton exports increased more than 127 per cent., and Great Britain's only 2½ per cent. Other leading items in the commercial list show similar movements in favor of German trade. Finally, it is to be observed that in and since 1893 the tonnage of sea-going ships at Hamburg has exceeded that at Liverpool.

Power of State Railway Commissions

A matter of National interest is the questioning of the power of the State Railway Commissions by the United States District Attorney of California. Some weeks ago the California State Railway Commission adopted a resolution which ordered a reduction in freight-rates of about one-fourth on all railways operating within the State. The Southern Pacific Company appealed to the United States Court, and obtained a temporary injunction restraining the Commission from enforcing the proposed reduction. The case is now pending. United States District Attorney Foote has served upon Attorney-General Fitzgerald, and upon counsel for the California State Railway Commission, notice of his intention to intervene. The ground for the appearance of the Federal Government will be that the rights of the Government are supreme, and that all obligations to it take precedence over those of any individual corporation, State or other Government. Of course the issue will be raised in reference to the lease of the Central Pacific Railway to the Southern Pacific, a lease which may be disavowed so far as the Government is concerned. Furthermore, it will be contended that under the Thurman Act our Government has the right to regulate all the affairs of the Central Pacific Company, including the reduction of freight and passenger rates on all portions of its lines in any State. This is tantamount to proclaiming the Central Pacific road a Government property. Nor is this all. Another contention will be that under the Thurman Act the Central Pacific Company is bound to pay to the United States one-fourth of its gross earnings, as part liquidation of the amount owing to the Government, and that no State Railway Commission has any right to interfere with the affairs of the Government's debtor in such a way as to interfere with its earning capacity and thus prevent the earliest liquidation of the debt due the Government. Again, the constitutional right of the California Commission to interfere in any way in the affairs of the Central Pacific Railway will also be called into question. A further point will be made that no State has the right to act in such a manner, even in order to protect the commonwealth, as will interfere with the rights of all the other States. It will be claimed that for the Commission to reduce rates on the Central Pacific would, while offering relief to the California shippers, be preventing the payment of the claim of the United States, in which all the States of the Union are interested.

The Government Bond Issue

On Monday of last week, the date of the Government's new loan proposal, and on the following day, the money and security markets were depressed by adverse criticisms as to the character and conditions of the bond issue, but more favorable opinions later on changed matters so that the average of railway stock quotations closed at a slight advance over the preceding week. Government bonds declined fractionally, but closed firm on Saturday. Since early in December, the 5s have fallen 2½ points; the 1907 4s, 3 points, and the 1925 4s, 6 points. Men have been apprehensive that a new loan issue would bring about, not only a natural decline in the quotations for existing issues, but also a withdrawal of bank deposits and a demoralization in the money market. On Saturday the weekly statement issued by the New York City banks proved how much those institutions had been strengthening themselves. From not quite $20,000,000 the week previous, the surplus reserves were increased to over $27,000,000, chiefly by contracting loans. The stock of legal tenders was increased by nearly $5,000,000, and that of specie by about $2,400,000

The Cuban Insurrection and Spanish Securities

In comparison with a year ago, Spanish bonds are twelve points lower. This decline is due to the insurrection in Cuba. The latest news from Havana announcing the nearer approach of the rebels to the capital has had a depressing effect on Spanish funds, the decline in London being two points in two days. It is now rumored that the Madrid Government is endeavoring to get an advance from the Bank of Spain, promising to offset this by assistance in increasing the power to issue notes. The limit of issuance is at present $200,000,000, and has practically been reached during the past week.

Simultaneous Shipments of Gold from Europe and America

Last week the export of gold was only $2,500,000, not such a large sum as was anticipated. The reasons given for the small shipments were the difficulty in obtaining legal tenders and the opposition shown by some bankers to export gold. Over $4,000,000 in gold arrived from Europe during the week. It was all American coin which had previously been exported. It was not added to the supply in the Treasury. Most of it, however, was sent to the Sub-Treasury and to the Assay Office to be weighed and counted, receipts being taken for it.

The General Course of Prices

Last week advances took place in wheat, corn, oats, flour, iron, and live stock. Prices are practically unchanged for lumber, coal, print-cloths, leather, hides, sugar, and steel. Cotton and coffee have declined

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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83d Semi-Annual Financial Statement

OF THE

Phœnix Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

January 1st, 1896

Cash Capital, - $2,000,000.00

ASSETS AVAILABLE FOR FIRE LOSSES,

$5,246,519.68

AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on Hand, in Bank, and with Agents	$612,216 99
State Stocks and Bonds	28,875 00
Hartford Bank Stocks	597,630 00
Miscellaneous Bank Stocks	405,203 00
Corporation and Railroad Stocks and Bonds	2,470,685 00
County, City, and Water Bonds	359,920 00
Real Estate	476,917 68
Loans on Collateral	31,700 00
Real Estate Loans	225,340 29
Accumulated Interest and Rents	38,061 72
TOTAL CASH ASSETS	$5,246,519 68

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital	$2,000,000 00
Reserve for Outstanding Losses	342,441 43
Reserve for Re-Insurance	2,479,134 84
NET SURPLUS	424,943 41
TOTAL ASSETS	$5,246,519 68

Total Losses Paid Since Organization of Company

$38,047,470.01

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Eighty-Fifth Semi-Annual Statement
January, 1896

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks	$469,914 59
Real Estate	1,705,895 91
United States Stocks (market value)	1,418,425 00
Bank, Trust Co., and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value)	3,946,493 00
State and City Bonds (market value)	855,927 93
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	463,009 13
Loans on stocks, payable on demand	426,550 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	515,227 06
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1896,	52,185 92
	$9,853,628 54

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund	4,395,659 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims	752,514 13
Net surplus	1,705,455 41
	$9,853,628 54

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Good Deeds

The impressionist painter Caillebotte, who died recently, has bequeathed to France sixty paintings by masters of his school and two superb drawings by Millet. The value of the whole is estimated at eighty thousand dollars.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift to Homestead consists of a Free Library costing $400,000, independent of the permanent endowment for its maintenance also provided by the donor. Within the building there will be, besides the Free Library, reading-rooms, club-rooms, a music-hall, a gymnasium, and a swimming-pool.

Mr. George Frederick Watts, perhaps the greatest of English painters, has just given a magnificent present to the National Portrait Gallery in London. The gift consists of fifteen portraits and two drawings of eminent Englishmen made by himself. Among the portraits are those of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, John Stuart Mill, Cardinal Manning, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Sherbrooke.

About three weeks ago the will of the late F. Frederic Gunther, of New York City, was filed for probate, and a codicil to the document shows the high sense of honor which marked the testator's character. On his advice the widow of a friend had made an investment which turned out poorly. In his will Mr. Gunther provided for the repayment to her of the amount lost through his counsel. At the death of Mr. Gunther's friend, the widow received the sum of $5,000 in trust for her daughter, and, acting on Mr. Gunther's counsel, the money was expended in the purchase of some consolidated mortgage bonds of the Northern Pacific Railway Company. The company afterward defaulted and the bonds became almost valueless. By the codicil above referred to Mr. Gunther gives to the widow of his friend the sum of $5,000, free of legacy tax, and the interest since the last day on which interest was due. On receiving this sum the widow is to surrender the unfortunate bonds.

A dispatch from Chicago announces that—

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Kelly, of this city, who has already endowed the University of Chicago with a woman's dormitory costing $60,000, has decided to erect on the University campus a chapel to cost $100,000, to be known as the Kelly Memorial Chapel, in memory of her brother. The University has no chapel building at present.

Another says that—

The University of Chicago has been favored by a gift of property and money amounting to about $250,000. The giver is Mrs. T. K. W. Shimer, owner and principal of the Mount Carroll Female Seminary, of Mount Carroll, Ill. Mrs. Shimer writes President Harper that she gives to the University four buildings, comprising the Seminary, together with twenty-five acres of ground. It is her desire that the Seminary be run as a girls' training-school for the University, and to this end she will endow it with $150,000, and probably $200,000. Mount Carroll is 125 miles directly west of Chicago.

Before the above announcements were made, the University had already received another million-dollar gift. It came from Miss Helen Culver, of that city. Miss Culver, who is about sixty years old, is a niece of the late Charles J. Hull, from whom she inherited a fortune estimated at $6,000,000. She was for some time a member of the Board of Trustees of the old University of Chicago. The conditions of her gift are that it shall be devoted to the increase of knowledge within the field of biological science. It is especially provided that the donation shall be applied in part to an inland experimental station and to a marine biological laboratory, and that a portion of the instruction supported by the gift shall take the form of University Extension Lectures to be delivered at suitable points on the west side of Chicago, the lectures to be as free from technicalities as possible.

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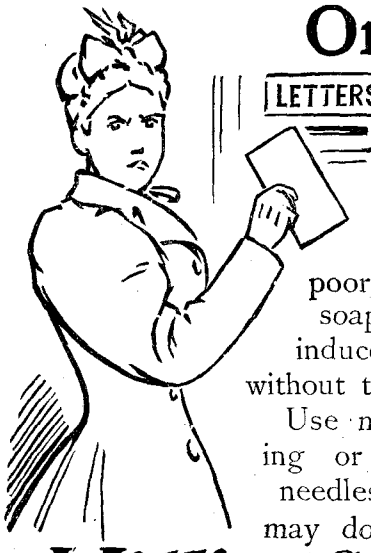

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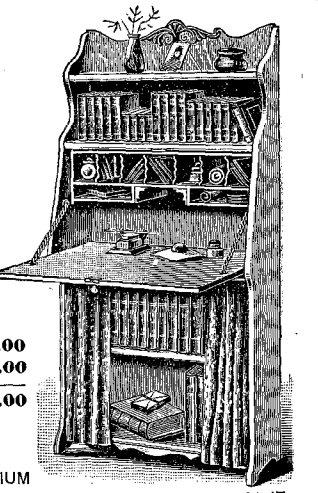

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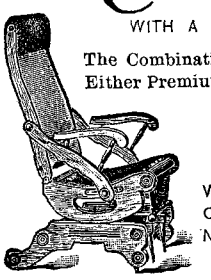

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About People

—The Rev. Flavel S. Luther, M.A., who has just been elected to the presidency of Kenyon College, is at present Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at Trinity College. The office of President at Kenyon has been vacant nearly five years.

—We learn from Paris that among the New Year appointments to the Legion of Honor in celebration of the centenary of the French Institute are the following Americans: Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer; Alexander Agassiz, the naturalist; and Professor Henry Augustus Rowland, the physicist.

—M. Godefroi Cavaignac, Minister of War in the new French Cabinet, is the representative of one of the three so-called Republican dynasties. Representatives of two of these dynasties have already been Presidents of France—namely, M. Carnot and M. Casimir-Périer. These three names have been prominent in as many Republics of France.

—In a recent "Harper's Weekly" Mr. Francis Wilson says of the late Eugene Field that, next to children, he best loved books:

A collector himself, he had rare sympathy with the whole tribe, from the lowest form of the "critter," the extra-illustrator, to the other extreme, the man who loves a book simply for its external beauty. Either extreme was too expensive a luxury for Field, and he came to merit, in a measure, the contemptuous remark of a bookseller, that he did not know much about books—*except, perhaps, their insides.*

—General Mortimer Dormer Leggett, who has just died, was one of the most gallant of our Civil War officers. He raised the Seventy-eighth Ohio Infantry and was appointed Colonel. He took part in the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Corinth. Later he captured Jackson, Tennessee, and successfully defended Olivia in that State. He was severely wounded at Champion Hills and again at Vicksburg, but led the advance into that city when it surrendered.

—Mr. Gladstone's daily itinerary is somewhat as follows: About ten o'clock in the morning he is in his study and reads and writes steadily until luncheon, which latter function takes about half an hour, and then he retires again for more work. After this comes a drive, and then, after dinner, another period of reading. He continues with great regularity the severe course of study which he mapped out for himself upon retiring from public life.

—The Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., who has been appointed Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, is, like another Chairman of a Congressional Committee, the Hon. S. M. McCall, a graduate of Dartmouth. Both were lawyers and newspaper editors, and Mr. Dingley is still the proprietor and editor of the Lewiston (Maine) "Journal." He has been Governor of Maine, and has served seven terms in Congress. Unfortunately, although a power in debate, his voice is weak, and the Speaker invariably calls for order when Mr. Dingley rises.

—Commenting on the statement that Bishop Taylor supports the Methodist missionary operations in Africa by trading in tobacco with the natives, the "Christian Advocate" says:

When Bishop Taylor first went to Liberia, the only small currency in use in portions of the Kroo Coast was leaf tobacco. Two of our Methodist missions used it in the purchase of rice for absolute needs, and for the landing of supplies sent from New York. Then Bishop Taylor introduced laundry soaps as small currency, and his son, Ross Taylor, has sent from a firm in this city from three to five tons at a single shipment, fair quality and full weight, eight and sixteen ounces to the bar, to serve the purpose of currency. No tobacco has been used in trade since the time when the stations were opened and the missionaries said it was a case of necessity; none of our missionaries have used it personally, and the heathen are required to renounce its use before they are admitted into the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa.

—President Kruger, of the South African Republic, is affectionately called "Oom Paul" by his faithful subjects. He is now a robust old man of over seventy years of age. In his early life he was physically the strongest man in the lower Transvaal, and used to be a great fighter against the Zulus and the British. When he first visited England he wore the broad felt hat, the short jacket, and the untanned shoes which form the usual costume of a Boer, but on his return to Africa his astonished friends beheld him clad in a high silk hat, a long frock-coat, and polished shoes. "Oom Paul" told them that England was a good enough country, and contained some fine houses, but all the land seemed to belong to some one. Even outside of London you couldn't sit down under a tree to smoke a pipe without having some one come up and say the land was his, and ask what you were doing there.

—Dr. Jameson, the brilliant administrator of the British South Africa Chartered Company, who has come to grief in his filibustering expedition against the Boer Government, has had a long experience in dealing with South African problems, although he is only in his forty-third year. He is a Scotchman by birth, and has been in South Africa seventeen years. He has been the most intimate friend of the Rt. Hon. Cecil Rhodes, the ex-Prime Minister of Cape Colony. During the past decade Dr. Jameson has been Mr Rhodes's political agent in securing successive enlargements of territory for the Chartered Company, in which work he exhibited a tact and a prudence which have certainly not been characteristic of his latest move. He has done more than any other one man in reducing the wild regions of Matabeleland and Mashonaland to order. Hundreds of the former soldiers of Lobengula are now working in the brickyards of Buluwayo, and are engaged in other industries in the country.

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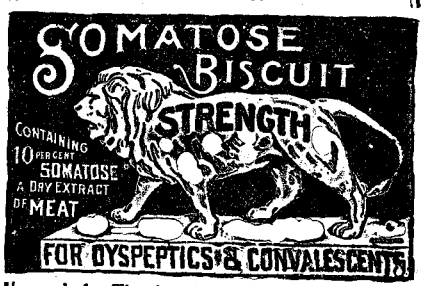

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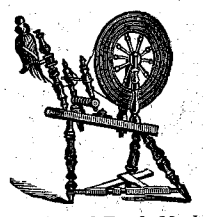

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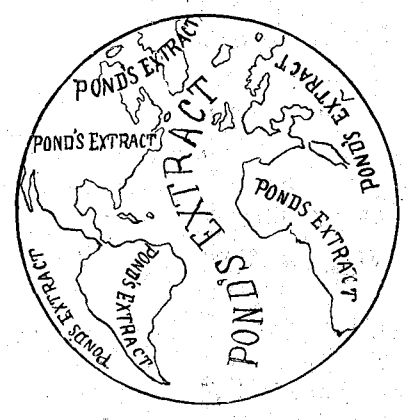

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